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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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UPTON SINCLAIR

A Country Worth Saving

AS in war time, so in this new crisis, the ear is assailed, the attention held by innumerable and legitimate appeals for money or for jobs, and even the man fortunate enough to have work or a competence is worrying over the future and counting his resources. Perhaps there is too much counting, and too little facing of a situation that has more than one dimension. The erect stature of civilization was attained only after intense effort, and it is easy to let it go slack again. War, or an economic depression, or indeed any national emergency is usually a time of slump in the hard and latest won virtues of culture. Just as a man in danger of shooting forgets to care for his health, so a man worrying over his own or his neighbor's job stops his concern for his mind. He tends to revert to the peasant type that was always too worried about the future to make the present civilized.

Something like this is happening in the United States today where the panic of the inhabitants is in proportion to the duration of their prosperity. There are signs of letting go under pressure. But the simple life and the atmosphere less gross than in the oily years of the 'twenties which hard times were to bring us, will never come with a letting down of civilized interests. If, nervous over a doubtful future, we read few or trashier books or let music and art look out for themselves, some calamities not yet mentioned by the statisticians will eventually overtake us.

For that part of civilization which we call culture is (first of all) a state of mind which can easily be upset by lax thinking, and then rapidly deteriorates. And it is (next) a complicated structure of education, publication, and creation, slowly and painfully built, and once in decline very hard to renew. It was the hard-times emigration of skilled Roman artisans to Constantinople which left Roman art to irremediable decay. It was the panics of the French Revolution that destroyed the salon. The great English drama never recovered from the closing of the theatres by the Puritans.

If that minority of the American public upon which falls the responsibility for culture should let the organs of that culture wilt and wither, it will be a resounding misfortune. If the schools and colleges where standards have been driven upward, the foundations for science, art, and music which have enriched American life,

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Upton Sinclair

AMERICAN OUTPOST. A Book of Reminiscences. By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

UPTON SINCLAIR'S straightforward, good-tempered account of his life and development as writer and fighter and propagandist for socialism (and many another *ism*) will be a revelation, I suspect, to large numbers of his fellow countrymen. It is a book, or I am blindly mistaken, destined for popularity. It is not too long; it is rapidly and vivaciously narrative (Mr. Sinclair, with grave artistic faults on his head, has always been a master of narration); and there is a genuine mellowness, an unforced geniality, in this volume which reveals an aspect of his nature not always apparent in his earlier work. Mr. Sinclair has long, I think, been pigeonholed by conservative America as an honest, reckless. humorless fanatic, but he has now made it necessary for them to correct this one-sided impression. He abates nothing, his zeal for radical reforms has not been lessened (one would not have it lessened), but it now grows clear that he is not without a sense of proportion, nor incapable of shrewd strokes of self-criticism and self-appraisement. For example,—he is speaking of his first essay at fiction:

> I had fires of the heart to warm me, and began to write my wonderful novel —the story of a woman's soul redeemed by high and noble love. . . . I didn't really know either the woman or the man—I didn't know anything in those days except music and books and my own emotions. . . . But at that time I was sure it was the most wonderful novel ever written. I always do think that about every book I write: the blurb which the publisher puts on the jacket —"This is Upton Sinclair's best work"—is perfectly sincere so far as concerns the author. I write in a fine glow, expecting to convert my last hostile critic; and when I fail, the shock of disappointment is always as severe as ever.

It is not the habit of fanatics to view themselves quite so objectively.

Upton Sinclair has published his reminiscences at precisely the right moment. Americans are today in a better mood for understanding, and even applauding, his career than at any previous crisis of their history. I venture to say that he will himself be astonished by the cordiality of his present reception.

Those of us who have followed Mr. Sinclair's astonishing career have of course never made the mistake of supposing him typical. Just as there is in contemporary

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Epidermal Macabre

By THEODORE ROETHKE

INDELICATE is he who loathes
The aspects of his fleshy clothes,—
The flying fabric stitched on bone,
The vesture of the skeleton,
The garment neither fur nor hair,
The cloak of evil and despair,
The veil long violated by
Caresses of the hand and eye.
Yet such is my unseemliness:
I hate my epidermal dress,
The savage blood's obscenity,
The rags of my anatomy,
And willingly would I dispense
With false accoutrements of sense,
To sleep immodestly, a most
Incarnadine and carnal ghost.

The Limits of Obscenity

By HUMBERT WOLFE

IS it possible, I have been driven to ask myself, as I contemplate the orgiastic development of the most admired contemporary literature, that there exists anywhere in the Anglo-Saxon world such a thing as romantic love or happy marriage? I am indeed so overshadowed by what all the young and vigorous write, and the old and feeble applaud, that I am positively embarrassed to commit the words "romantic love" and "happy marriage" to paper. I feel as though I had appeared in evening dress wearing brown boots, or as if I had mistaken a Lett for a Lithuanian. Nevertheless I console myself by remembering Danton's ejaculation, and I propose to have the courage of my futility. I will, I mean, ask whether when pornography is not only a cult but a faith it may not, like other (no doubt less noble) religions, disturb literature by imposing its propaganda upon it.

The origin of this return to the jungle is, of course, obvious. Both in the United States and in England during the greater part of the nineteenth century the facts of sexual life were resolutely ignored by authors in deference to universal public opinion. All young men were, *ex-hypothesi*, virgins until marriage, while if a girl were betrayed she instantly became a spectral type, waiting by night in deserted streets, like Peggotty's "little Em'ly." A good deal of rather coarse thinking was concealed under words at least as disagreeable as the facts they were intended to conceal. To take two examples, the word "flirt" was used to uncover a multitude of sins, "flirtation" was the sniggering translation of a "liaison," and a "lady-killer" was what we should more pertinently call a sex-maniac. Moreover, veils were always being drawn at critical moments. Marriage, it is true, even in the nineteenth century led to childbearing, but so etiolated was the account that one might reasonably have supposed that the event was an automatic consequence of the marriage ceremony, requiring no personal intervention by the parties concerned. The idea of penetrating into the bedroom was so remote that in any decently-constructed house of the period that apartment would inevitably have been omitted, or at any rate, if it had been permitted, it would only have been furnished with a single bed. Unfaithfulness was indeed envisaged but always with all the severity of the Decalogue. If there was a certain indulgence for the male sinner (perhaps not unnatural when the majority of the books were written by men) all authors were Nathaniel Hawthorne or rather Nathaniel Hawthorne's New Englanders to the erring woman. The days of such unfortunates were all scarlet letter days. It seemed, if one were to believe the testimony of literature, that adultery or sexual irregularity of any kind was with the Anglo-Saxons as rare and horrible as murder. The French, it is true, continued in their incontinental way, but that merely threw our righteousness into a more dazzling relief. If blameless Americans and Englishmen were occasionally misled by foreign sirens, it was only too clear on whom the blame rested.

The reaction against this deliberate suppression of the truth was bound to be violent, but it was slow. Tennyson, greatly daring, told the story of Enoch Arden, returning after his supposed death, to find his wife living with another. Bitterly was he attacked for not having caused Enoch to denounce the sinners. And that though the language used was so delicate that it was often difficult to be sure whether the persons affected were not like Millais's cherubs, merely painted angelic faces unattached to bodies. Swinburne, on the other hand, and "the fleshly school" of poetry, did attempt to redress the balance of the New World by bringing in the Ancient. But sinister as were "the roses and raptures of vice" they were so Greek and Tuscan, so Aphrodite and Priapus, that the public, following the amiable and anonymous lead of honest John Morley, were prepared to regard the whole affair as Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary" in eruption rather than an incident in any way connected with ordinary life.

The first genuine turn of the tide was with the 'nineties. Apart from the figures that we do not regard as typical of the period such as Thomas Hardy, George Moore, de la Mare, and Yeats, there was a great rallying to the standards of vice. Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley let it be generally known that virtue was bourgeois and that their acquaintances were commuters. The young men and women of the period, who aspired to intelligence, were all *Fleurs du Mal*, pale passion-flowers that died instantly if exposed to the gross winds of decency. They were Verlaine, they were Baudelaire, they were de Maupassant, they were, in fact, rather imbecile.

Indeed, their follies obscured the fact that a definite and desirable change was coming over the public attitude in this matter. Thomas Hardy ventured in "Jude the Obscure" to mention pregnancy in terms, and was bludgeoned into sullen quiet. George Moore, whom Pater loved to call "my dear Audacious," had the te-

This Week

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CRAZY ABOUT BOOKS.
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Next Week, or Later

THE WAGNER-PUSINELLI LETTERS.
Reviewed by Carl ENGEL.

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merity in "Esther Waters" to describe childbirth. The fact that children will go on being born in large numbers made this public admission of the fact all the more disgraceful. But George Moore, like Theocleides who danced his wife away, did not care. He continued to state the facts of life with such fantastic precision of loveliness that it began to be difficult for the Anglo-Saxon world to avert their eyes. Indeed, though Hardy and Moore did not know it, the battle was won. With the arrival of Gilbert Cannan and D. H. Lawrence at the beginning of the twentieth century everything was over except the shouting. But heavens! how they have shouted, and, like all other revolutions, this one, after destroying the old régime, burning the churches, expelling the monks and nuns, and having stormed the Bastille, proceeded to reëstablish tyrannies of every kind by the age-old trick of describing them as freedoms.

In the English-speaking world the three great figures in the revolution are Lawrence, James Joyce, and Aldous Huxley, though such writers as Hemingway, Dreiser, Cummings, and Mencken have not failed heartily to abet the leaders. These three have all approached the problem from different angles and with different aims. But, though they did not or do not know it, they are under one command—the well-known General Restlessness. And again, unconsiously, they have operated as allies finally and completely blasting the romantics, who continued to believe in love, out of their positions.

Of the three Lawrence is the prophet of the Phallic Emblem, Joyce the unprejudiced journalist, and Aldous Huxley the angry chemist, analyzing its composition and constantly finding that it won't correspond to his preconceived formulas. The prophet, unlike his Biblical predecessors, had overwhelming honor in his own country. He denounced his countrymen as cold-blooded Satanists of repression, and they thanked him: he ridiculed their dearest prejudices and they founded societies in his honor, and finally he committed what amounted to an indecent exposure of their persons and they agreed, through the mouth of their Arnold Bennett, to regard him as the most striking genius of the age.

That Lawrence had genius is, of course, not open to question. Nor is it open to question that in preaching the return to the procreative principle he had a true and fertilizing vision of life. The Victorians had denied the processes of generation and birth. Not unnaturally literature grew barren in consequence. Lawrence not only did not deny them, he asked whether anything else in fact did or could have reality. His genius of itself insisted upon a hearing and rightly achieved it. But his doctrine fortified his right and his claim. He was a prophet with a new gospel of love—he bade mankind be naked and unashamed. James Joyce equally was among the liberators, but freedom for *him* was not a doctrine but a fact. When he wrote the last memorable pages of "Ulysses" he was not holding his characters up either as a warning or an example. He was with passionate directness recording what he had seen with his eyes and felt with his hands. "Yes," he was shouting to the world that had faintly whispered "No"—"yes, yes, yes." Huxley, on his side, no less than Joyce, admitted and proclaimed the existence of the body—indeed, its insistent ubiquity. But unlike both the others he actively loathed—and loathes—what he could not deny. The Swift of our days, he mercilessly and sometimes abominably exposes a truth that he himself detests.

These three in their different ways have each attained the limits of obscenity; each at one point or another decisively crossed them and the combined result both of their travels and their transgressions has been almost to abolish these limits for the contemporary world of letters. It is worth, for an instant, considering the points at which each crossed the line. In Lawrence's case it is not, as some might suppose, the glee with which he scribbles schoolboy words on the wall in "Lady Chatterley's Lover." On the contrary, the actual release given by that exercise to something dark and raging in Lawrence makes that book essentially saner than "Women in Love" or than some of the outbursts in the poems, notably "Pansies." Lawrence crossed the line not in any single passage but in the growing and relentless morbidity which carried him steadily further and further from art to pedagogy. In book after book his genius was muffled by his urgent need to express the inexpressible, to give words to what was only possible in action, and to relive in public what is only significant when it is transposed in private. More and more he became an inverted Victorian, eagerly averaging their false silences by his no less false clamor. As long as the body or the loins were part of the story, they were not obscene because, though art conceals art, it has nothing else to conceal. But when the body was hoisted into public view like an exhibit at a political demonstration, it acquired the cold medical obscenity of the merely curious. The body and its exercises are a reasonable occasion for art; they are not, as Lawrence grew to believe and led his disciples to believe, the only occasion.

James Joyce surpassed the limits not in his choice of language because plain words have no intrinsic beastliness. Their beastliness is derived from the ugly minds and the evil breath that clings to them like palpable soot. Joyce does not exceed in the words but by the pitch at which he pronounces them. They are not spoken, they are shouted; they are not shouted, they are thundered through an amplifier. As a result the physical side of life suffers from elephantiasis. Joyce may record the details of a laundry bill and of a sexual encounter on the same page with the same apparent impartiality. But by virtue of some intrinsic fury the laundry bill is printed shyly in spiritual minion; the sexual encounter headlines it in Clarendon.

Aldous Huxley in his turn exceeds because his motto in this regard is "odi quia amo." He has observed the human animal with an ever-waxing passion of distaste. In a justly celebrated essay on Swift he recorded the Dean's loathing of his own (and everybody else's) tripes. Huxley went so far as to quote certain lines from one of the foulest poems that ever found their way into print in proof of his contention. But he knew that Swift was loathing every word that he wrote no less than the objects of his description. So, too, Huxley in his ecstasies of hatred brutally records the death of an imbecile girl from fish-poisoning, erotic moments which might embarrass a moderately-minded gorilla. He himself is almost an Eastern ascetic in his purity of volition, but the very measure of that internal chastity is the rage with which he permits facts to defile themselves.

These three are all great men. Individually and jointly they have performed an abiding service to themselves and to letters. But they have opened the gates and the fools of all countries, sexes, and ages are pouring in their charabancs hooting and exchanging hats. If there are quiet places anywhere in the soul, if there are left the tranquillities of domestic love, if in peace some gently contemplate flowers, beasts, or birds, be sure the raucous crowd of the emancipated will come roaring on with their rattles and their bawdy songs. Their slogan is: "Conventions are dead. Live the Conventions." The Victorians denied the existence of sex: they deny the existence of anything else. The Victorians were prudes; they would, if they were permitted, write exclusively on lavatory paper. The Victorians were guilty of a sickly sentimentalism; they are guilty of a sickly anti-sentimentalism. The Victorians pretended to a virtue they did not possess: they claim vices of which they are incapable. In a word, the wheel has come full circle. The dull stupidities of non-sex have yielded to the stupidities no less dull of universal sex. Indeed, one may say bitterly, of the two extremities it is sex of one and sex of the other. "Nothing too much," cried the Greeks. The Victorians read that as "too much of nothing," but our contemporaries yodel "Nothing can be too much." And both are equally wrong.

Humbert Wolfe, in addition to being a member of the Labor Government of Great Britain, is one of the leading poets of his country. He is the author of a number of volumes of verse and prose.

Upton Sinclair

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life a conservative "type," so there is a radical "type"—which Upton Sinclair only superficially resembles. Mr. Sinclair (if we wave the question of poetic genius) is far more like Shelley than he is like, say, Stalin. I admit at once that the comparison is rather fantastic, yet there is a core of truth in it. Shelley's radicalism flowered from his white-hot romantic moral idealism—so does Upton Sinclair's. Nothing is more evident throughout his reminiscences than his impulsive romanticism. Intense and essentially transcendental feeling with him always precedes thought, accompanies it, deeply coloring all his ideas, and frequently no doubt triumphs over it. He has not, to be sure, as Shelley at last did, retired wholly within himself, thus becoming a beautiful but *ineffectual* angel (if we are prepared to call high poetry ineffectual); he has fought hard to realize his revolutionary ideas in the stubborn world; yet I insist that the springs of his activities have been and are romantic. And this, I think, sets him widely apart from the contemporary radicalism—from that "emancipated, atheistic, international democracy" which, Santayana asserts, is creating the intellectual temper of our age.

His deeply ingrained Puritanism, too, is a distinguishing mark upon him. The contemporary radical is not—heaven knows, if heaven knows anything!—a Puritan. Bernard Shaw is a Puritan, and so—fully conscious of his apostacy from modernism—is Upton Sinclair; and honesty compels the admission that in both instances it has led to some failures in artistic perception, though perhaps not to more than the extreme anti-Puritanism of the moment is fathering. The balance in this seesaw of emotional relaxation and expansion and emotional control is an extremely delicate one, and the equilibrium of wisdom is hard (is perhaps impossible) to achieve and maintain. Mr. Sinclair, at least, is not unaware of the difficulties involved or the losses he has suffered. "There are dangers in 'Puritanism' [he admits]; and there are compensations." He states frankly that before his first marriage at twenty-two he had never entered into sex relations, and that "along with extreme idealism, and perhaps complementary to it, went a tormenting struggle with sexual desire. . . . What did I get in return for this? I got intensity and power of concentration . . . I told myself the legend of Hercules, and recited the wisdom attributed to Solomon: 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'" And he continues: "Nowadays we hear a great deal about mental troubles caused by sex repression; it is the mood of the moment. We do not hear anything about the complexes which may be caused by sex indulgence. But my observation has been that those who permit themselves to follow every sexual impulse are quite as miserable as those who repress every impulse." This, may I add, was also the considered opinion of Bobbie Burns:

But och! it hardens all within
And petrifies the feeling."

We may, perhaps, in a brief review, be content to leave it at that.

Upton Sinclair, then, as he reveals himself in a long list of books, and nowhere more persuasively than in his last, is a thoroughly odd fish. He abounds—to quote his antithesis, Henry James—in his own sense. He gangs his ain gait. He tells us what to eat, what not to drink, how we should live our lives and manage public affairs in the interests of general well-being and a common humanity. He hates nothing but injustice and selfishness, with their accompaniments of cruelty and greed. As for his defects—of temperament and artistic power—he has his share of them; most writers have, and we may well leave them to posterity for final assessment. Meanwhile, here is a living, genuine book; when you touch it, you touch a man. Perhaps certain pages of it will amuse you which were not intended to amuse you. But what of that? Do we love Samuel Pepys any the less for his occasionally unconscious humor? Rather the more, I think. Moreover, if you are not impervious to instruction, here is a book that will teach you something—about the mysterious influences of heredity and environment, and about the lonely creative spirit of man. About America, too—that strange portion of the earth's surface whereon we for a little live and move and have our being. A good book. It belongs in your library, if you deserve to own one.

Our Mrs. Hipper

A WORLD BEGINS. By IRINA SKARIATINA. New York: Harrison Smith, Inc. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ANOTHER titled Russian takes pen in hand. The form is still autobiographical, but the scene has changed. It is of America and not Russia that Irina Skariatina writes. And no one, not even Sinclair Lewis, has dealt more drastically with the great Middle West and Middle Westerners.

The book is a sequel to "A World Can End" and takes up the Countess Irina's story with her escape from Russia in 1922. The account of her journey, ill and with insufficient funds, across the border to Reval is a nightmare of misery with nightmare-like touches of the ridiculous in the Pussy-wants-a-corner tactics of the barbaric conductor and the power of a one-dollar bribe.

Several months in England where work was scarce, and food little less so, brought the Countess to a state of despair where any way seemed a way out.

It is then that Mrs. Hipper, the Middle Westerner, bears down upon her. Mrs. Hipper offers her one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month for the tutoring of her two young daughters, with her expenses to Dawn, the American home, paid in advance. All of which seems well enough. But what queer psychological twist is it that causes Mrs. Hipper to stipulate that the Countess must drop her title and be known simply as "Madame" once the Atlantic is crossed? Mrs. Hipper seems just the type to have doted upon a titled employee. But there it is.

Settled in Dawn, "Madame" makes disconcerting discoveries. She finds that she is to pay her own living expenses. She is not to live in the Hipper home, although there are several guest rooms vacant. She is to work all morning, all afternoon, and all evening; she is given only short periods in which to dash out for her meals; she is to teach Mrs. Hipper French as well as her daughters, and she is to read aloud interminably from Alexander Dumas. The only lightening of this cruel and dreary servitude comes with the astounding formal invitations to dinner which the Countess receives from Mrs. Hipper when there are guests from out of town, and the title is restored for a single evening to give tone to the occasion. What a Mrs. Hipper! One hopes she reads the book.

After the Hippers there are adventures in selling real estate, in selling furs in a department store, with a modiste, with an interior decorator, and finally with an American marriage.

But before the end of the volume come the cinematic encounters with American men. There are the elaborate private entertainments by "a minor Sardine King" and the wily advances of a gentleman high in the slaughter house business who was "resplendent with unusually large diamonds or rubies or emeralds blazing away in his shirt front." And there is the man who actually died because the Countess did not keep a luncheon engagement with him.

In portraying herself, Irina Skariatina unconsciously gives the delightful contradictions in her own character. When she is forced to leave Russia with absolutely nothing besides the clothes she has on and one change of underwear, she manages to carry a little scarlet evening bag full of Russian earth so that some may be mixed with the soil of her own grave; her enjoyment of a ball in London is completely spoiled because she has had no proper slip to wear under a borrowed frock, while she is actually the possessor of a court dress valued at several thousand dollars; and at a time when thirty cents is a high price to pay for lunch, she can give a ten dollar gold piece to charity because of the way it has been presented to her.

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High Finance

IS CAPITALISM DOOMED? By LAWRENCE DENNIS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.

THE PARADOX OF PLENTY. By HARPER LEECH. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1932. $2.50.

MEN, MONEY, AND MERGERS. By GEORGE L. HOXIE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. B. WOLFE

MR. DENNIS has written a brilliant and arresting book. Let this be said not because he is unsparing in his criticism of the investment bankers, the investment trusts, forecasting services, and economic experts, but because he has in hand the central salient facts of a world orgy in credit expansion, the common sense to see them in true perspective, and the courage to tell his reader their tragic significance. Many economists as well as many business men will take exception to much that Mr. Dennis offers, but for all that his book cannot be brushed aside. Start reading it, and you will not lay it down till you have finished it; and then you will probably read it again.

The most trenchant chapters are those on domestic and foreign finance, although there is hardly a page, whether in the treatment of the plight of the farmer, of the dangers of free trade, of the follies of instalment buying, of the practical impossibility of any real economic planning under our present business system and ideals, which does not give challenge to thought. There is little but wrath in Mr. Dennis's heart for the international bankers and investment houses who, he thinks, are primarily responsible for the fact that the American people are now holding the bag of some twenty-one billions of worthless or doubtful foreign debt. But his criticism of the bankers is incidental to an analysis of the impossible burden of debt into which the Western world has got itself through the headlong credit expansion from 1920 to 1929. He is perhaps generalizing too widely when he says that business knows but one way of running production at full speed, namely, credit inflation, but the developments of these ten years lend his words the appearance of truth. Briefly, our internal indebtedness increased by about seventy-two billion dollars—until most of our wealth belongs potentially to the lenders—and the debts owed to us by foreign governments and interests increased from fourteen to twenty-one billions. In both cases the debt has increased by compound interest. Lenders threw good money after bad, to enable debtors to meet interest charges by further borrowing, until the current interest due exceeded further lending capacity. Then the inevitable process of deflation set in. The American public has thought it could beat the game, aided by investment counsellors and "scientific" forecasting, and has thereby upset economic stability. The bankers, selling inflated securities on a *caveat emptor* basis, have merely lived up to the traditions of Jay Gould and John Law, only with more legal finesse. The upshot of it all is the virtual bankruptcy of Europe and South America, inevitable drastic liquidation in the United States, and the foregone conclusion that many billions of foreign and domestic indebtedness can never be collected.

Back of all this is the fact of oversaving, overbuilding of industrial plants, readiness to make foreign loans to stimulate exports, and the piling up of great fortunes by compound interest. Back of it, too, is the insane overexpansion of bank credits, made on the assumption of rising prices and the continuous expansion of production. Most of the new financing has been made ostensibly for "productive" purposes. Yet it should have been plain to the simplest intelligence that production conditioned by debt extravagance and constantly mounting interest charges could not continue to increase without meeting a decided deficiency in market, that is, in consumer purchasing power. Mr. Dennis is everlastingly right, though he is not the first to discover the fact, in his conviction that adequate consumption can never be assured by any possible use of financial mechanisms, and that it must be paid for out of current, earned, money income.

The first task of society, if capitalism is to survive, is to get reasonably out of debt. How this is to be done, other than by the drastic process of bankruptcy and repudiation, is not clear, although Mr. Dennis proposes for the relief of the farmers, with their nine billions of mortgages, a federal bond issue of five billions at 3 per cent, the proceeds to be lent to the farmers interest free, the government taking over the mortgages for a period of forty years. The fundamental task is to rehabilitate consumer purchasing power, and to keep consumption and production in proper equilibrium. The rich won't spend enough; therefore the government must. The problem of adequate consumption, that is of adequate outlet for the output of factory and farm, is to be solved, not by the ingenuity of business managers, but by the coercive power of the state. Contrary to Mr. Hoover's philosophy we need waste (more consumption) and not economy. "Either (1) the income of the rich must be confiscated by taxation or regulation of profits and wages, or (2) the rich must spend their full, unearned income in ways that agreeably amuse and employ the populace. There is no other way." In the final analysis (to quote again) "the problem of equalization by taxation, or the solution of unemployment and insufficient economic activity by levies on wealth, presents the following choice to the capitalist: maximum accumulation and freedom of action, or maximum social welfare and security both of a steady return and of future tranquillity in the enjoyment of the rights of property." There are but two ways for capitalism to save itself, thinks Mr. Dennis: either by another great war or by the equalization of incomes. That it is doubtful whether capitalism could survive another war he admits. It is obvious that the capitalism which survived the heroic measures suggested by Mr. Dennis would be a very different capitalism from that which we now know by the name.

There is nothing new in the lack-of-consumer-purchasing-power doctrine. It was formulated over a century ago by Sismondi. Sixty-five years ago it was the pivot on which Karl Marx's argument as to the inevitable collapse of capitalism turned. In later years Rosa Luxemburg and Fritz Sternberg pointed out that capitalism could survive as long as there were backward countries to industrialize and to export capital to. The new thing in Mr. Dennis's analysis is that Europe and America seem already to have reached the end of their tether in exploiting the backward countries. They have oversold them, just as the manufacturers oversold the people through the deferred payment plan.

While no brief review can do adequate justice to Mr. Dennis's book, the other two productions may be dismissed with a word. Mr. Leech's journalistic "Paradox of Plenty" has also got hold of the deficient purchasing power idea, but Mr. Leech has neither the background nor the power of expression—his style is that of a Brisbane editorial, without its trenchancy—to write a compelling book. Mr. Hoxie's "Men, Money, and Mergers" is virtually a brief for the electric power companies. As it abounds in platitudinous dulness it has not even the virtue of a good brief. Mr. Hoxie is economist and consulting engineer for one of the big Coast power companies. Perhaps that is why he does not mention the municipal power plants and rates in Pasadena and Seattle.

A. B. Wolfe is a member of the department of economics in the University of California.

Muddler Magnificent

ENGLAND MUDDLES THROUGH. By HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $1.75.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

THE author of this book belongs to that small and distinguished group of American journalists who in the post-war years have become interpreters of old world events for new world audiences. The London correspondent of the *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Scarborough's range has been literally from Athlone to Angora. Few European events of any importance, whether crises or conferences, have escaped his attendance. Thus it might fairly be said of him not only that he knows Britain inside out but that also he has learned to know it from the continental point of view outside in.

For most Americans the task of writing about things British is fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties. There is just enough of the survival of the colonial in all of us to produce one of two results. We either turn out more royalist than George V himself or more Anti-British than "Big Bill" Thompson. Speaking of the English in particular the American observer seems variously tempted to follow the Henry James tradition and take out naturalization papers, or the Adams example and start the Revolution all over again.

Now the rare charm of this book lies in the fact that Mr. Scarborough has escaped both horns of the dilemma. He is amused where most Americans are irritated. He likes the English and makes no bones about it. But his liking does not blind his eyes to what is ridiculous while his enjoyment of the humorous does not prevent his perceiving and admiring the great qualities which have been revealed in that post-war decade he has spent in the British Isles. The average Englishman, so he confesses in his preface, is a hypothetical figure, but he adds with shrewd paradox: "Perhaps for all that, he does not wholly lack reality; for reality in England is often improbable and seldom logical."

The World War did something to England which was permanent. It produced a change as far reaching as the Industrial Revolution. It permeated the basic philosophy of the nation and altered the very face of the land itself. Those who studied history before 1914 learned about an England which no longer exists either materially or spiritually. If the nation emerged technically a victor it was on its homeland surrounded by devastations as fatal to the old Victorian order as the destruction of actual war to the villages and towns of the Ypres Salient. That is Mr. Scarborough's thesis.

Nevertheless, our author views the changes with a measure of complacency. Adversity has made the survivors better citizens of the world and of their own nation than they were ten years ago. But it took the mass of the English these ten years to perceive even faintly that their old world was gone. Not until 1928, Mr. Scarborough calculates, did the suspicion become general that never would "business as usual" again be available as a slogan, as it was in the opening days of the war. Yet he thinks that history may not impossibly rank it as Britain's greatest achievement that it accepted its disillusionment philosophically. A people, perhaps the one people, which can reconcile itself to the inevitable—that is Mr. Scarborough's idea and that is his not unappealing definition of the meaning of "muddling through."

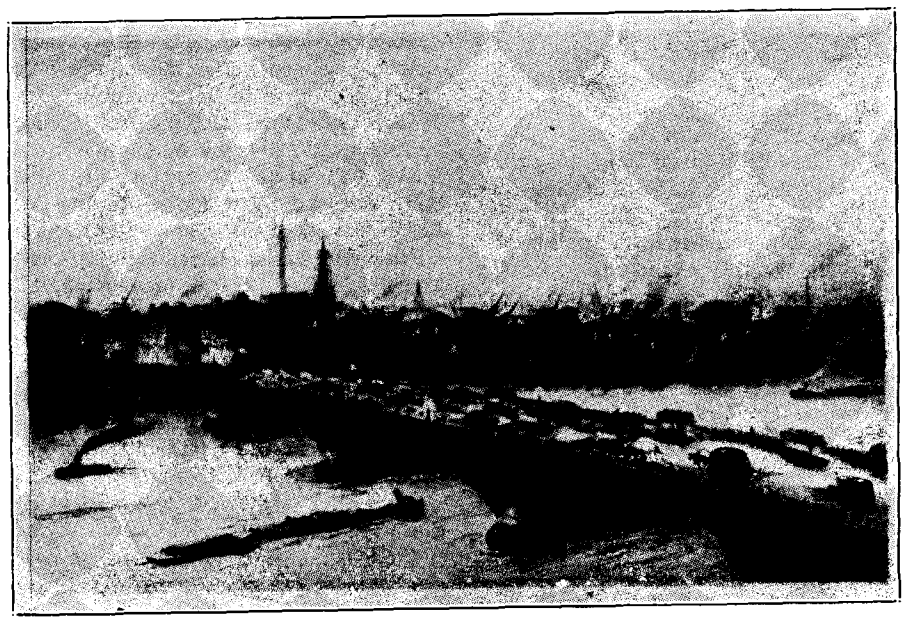
Ante-bellum England was a country of forty million inhabitants organized for the benefit of no more than two millions. And for those two millions life was incomparably pleasant. The balance constituted a great urbanized proletariat which had to be fed and could only be fed by supplies coming from overseas. And these millions were accustomed to look outside their own class for leadership. But in the war that leadership failed and when the war was over the lines between the classes had become hopelessly blurred. Power had insensibly passed to the majority. A British Revolution had taken place but purely in the British manner.

> Whether labelling himself Socialist or Conservative, the modern Englishman seems increasingly to incline to what might be termed a modified state capitalism the object of which is the enforcement of industrial rationalization through the application of state pressure.

But Mr. Scarborough's book is far more concerned with the human than the political aspects of contemporary England. And valuable even beyond his picture of the flow of events which have taken place under his eyes are the shrewd and illuminating strokes which supply an insight into the Engilsh mind. With the "blood is thicker than water" tradition he deals mercilessly, but it would be hard to better his description of Anglo-American relations in the post-war years and impossible to improve upon the state of balance he preserves even in such troublesome details as those concerning parity and debts.

In sum, for anyone who desires a swift, vivid, and accurate picture of England since the war and an estimate of the English Revolution which has been in full swing from the Armistice to the Conference of Four this April and still continues, and particularly for the reader who wants facts without too many figures or footnotes, Mr. Scarborough's book will be welcome. For myself, I found it the most satisfactory volume upon post-war England written by an American that I have come across.

Frank H. Simonds, who is one of the outstanding American journalists and war correspondents, is the author of one of the most highly praised of the recent books on world conditions, "Can Europe Keep the Peace?" He was, during the war, a correspondent whose communications carried particular weight because of the knowledge of military history which lay back of them.



THE ENGLAND THAT MUDDLES THROUGH
Drypoint by Joseph Gray from "Fine Prints of the Year" (Minton, Balch).

George Macaulay Trevelyan, writing of his father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, says: "The likeness of his mind to Macaulay's is obvious; the one was moulded on the other. But the two men were very different. My father was refined, with a complex refinement half of the old English upper class, and half of the artist of all countries and ages. His uncle had neither of these kinds of refinement: he was of the middle class, knowing by rub of shoulders the world through which he had forced his way up so quickly in his youth."

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Miscarriages of Justice

CONVICTING THE INNOCENT. By EDWIN M. BORCHARD. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY W. TAFT

IT is not the main purpose of Professor Borchard in writing this book to advocate reforms in criminal judicial procedure. Indeed, in an introductory chapter he says that "There is not much that the prosecuting or judicial machinery can do to prevent some of these particular miscarriages of justice." But the author seeks to attract public attention to the fact that not only in this country, but in every country of the world having an organized judicial system, innocent persons are occasionally convicted of crime, and to arouse public opinion in favor of legislation authorizing monetary indemnification of the victims of such miscarriages of justice.

Sixty-five concrete cases have been selected by Professor Borchard to illustrate how, during the past century, justice has gone astray. The facts in these cases are narrated with precision, clarity, and brevity. Technical phraseology is avoided and adherence to the material facts alone results in condensation which might profitably be followed not only by lawyers, but also by journalistic reporters of judicial proceedings. The stories of these cases as told by the author are highly interesting and frequently thrilling. Sometimes they are enlivened by circumstances of mystery reminding one of Baring Gould's "Historic Oddities."

Professor Borchard's purpose does not require that he should show that the conviction of innocent persons frequently occurs; nor does he contend that it does. He quotes a prosecuting officer who asserts that "Innocent men are never convicted. Don't worry about it. It never happens in the world. It is a physical impossibility." But these statements are refuted by the specific cases gathered together by Professor Borchard. And the fact that convictions of the innocent occur only infrequently does not affect the force of the author's argument that where they do occur, a moral and social obligation rests upon the community at large to provide some kind of recompense for the wrong done.

In twenty-nine of the sixty-five cases described by Professor Borchard, the wrongful conviction resulted from the mistaken identification of innocent defendants. For most of such divagations juries were largely responsible. They rejected positive proof of innocence in favor of testimony of witnesses whose identification of the defendant as the criminal was based on a momentary glance at the accused, generally under conditions of excitement or apprehension which impaired their powers of observation and tended to make concentration impossible. Such evidence sometimes led to convictions even where masks had concealed the features of the culprits or where only their backs were visible. In at least one case identification was based solely on the color of the eyes. In one case weight was given by the jury to the mistaken identification of the mule of a defendant afterwards found to be innocent. Photographs also proved to be misleading, and that is not strange, as anyone may determine by trying to identify a taxicab driver by the photograph exhibited in his car.

Evidence of the kind noted must, of course, be resorted to in the pursuit and punishment of crime; and in most cases it does not lead to unjust results. But its very character must inevitably occasionally lead to the conviction of innocent persons, particularly if the judge is deprived of the power to aid the jury by commenting upon the evidence, without which power a jury trial loses much of its value as a method of settling questions of fact.

There are other contributing causes of wrongful convictions: the disadvantage of destitute defendants in not being able to incur the expense of investigation and to procure the attendance of necessary witnesses; the faulty judgment or lack of industry or zeal of counsel assigned by the court; previous conviction or unsavory records and unprepossessing personality of defendants; inconsistencies of statements induced by futile efforts to avoid the effect of circumstantial evidence; crass ignorance and stupidity, creating the impression of a lack of candor;—such things as these are frequently given undue weight by a jury to bolster up inconclusive evidence of the prosecution. Then, too, where a heinous crime has been committed, juries are sometimes overzealous to make themselves the instrument of inflicting punishment, without giving full force to the presumption of innocence, especially where an atmosphere of suspicion has been created by lurid and inaccurate accounts in the sensational press. A notable case of this kind was that of the murder of a dissolute woman known as "Shakespeare" by a miserable, ignorant, and degraded Algerian, who was afterwards shown to have been innocent. Some of us are old enough to remember the tense excitement created by newspaper accounts of the day by which a belief in the guilt of the defendant was built up upon stories which were largely the figment of the brains of ambitious reporters.

These are some of the things appearing in the cases cited by Professor Borchard which led to the conviction of innocent persons; and under any judicial system, however perfect, they are bound occasionally to produce miscarriages of justice.

In the final chapter of the book Professor Borchard deals historically and philosophically with the subject of state indemnity to innocent persons who have been unjustly convicted, and points out that while in this country in sporadic cases of legislative acts, such persons have been to some extent indemnified (particularly after they have served a term in prison) no provision has been made by statutes of general application except in the states of California, North Dakota, and Wisconsin. Where awards have been occasionally made by special legislation, it has been usually in cases of particular hardship or where the sympathy of persons of influence has been enlisted.

In most of the countries of Europe and South America the subject has been dealt with by statute.

In an appendix to his book Professor Borchard has prepared the draft of such a statute; and in that connection he adds a valuable analysis of the limitations which ought to be imposed in granting indemnification, such as those relating to "censurable conduct of the claimants," "pecuniary loss," a limitation of time within which claims may be made, and the avoidance of the possibility that the burden upon the state treasury may be oppressive. His examination of the European and South American statutes discloses that the methods in which the subject has been dealt with have varied greatly. But they are all predicated upon the theory that indemnification in one form or another should be provided for an innocent person convicted of crime.

Professor Borchard concludes his treatment of the subject in the following words:

> How we shall apply the principle, whether the relief shall be compulsory or discretionary, whether court or jury shall estimate the extent of the injury, within what limits and under what conditions the indemnity shall be awarded, are matters which legislatures can work out with little difficulty. While it is true that our lax methods of administering the criminal law, the possibility of acquittal on technical grounds, and the usual requirement of unanimity on the part of twelve jurymen bring about nine cases of unjust *acquittal* to one case of unjust *conviction*, still that fact is no excuse for a failure to acknowledge the principle and to remedy the evil. It is by no means rare. It makes the individual hardship, when it does occur, seem all the more distressing. . . . It may be hoped that within measurable time remedial legislation may recognize the social obligation to compensate the innocent victims of an unjust conviction.

Henry W. Taft, brother of the late President and one of the leading lawyers of New York, has at various times been president of the New York County Lawyers Association, the New York State Bar Association, and the American Bar Association, of which latter organization he was for three years chairman of the committee on jurisprudence and law reform.

Prison and Criminal

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING. By Warden LEWIS E. LAWES. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by "VINCENT E. CLARK"

WRITING as one who was released less than a year ago from a Southern prison filled with despairing and despondent men, the majority of whom are living only for their day of freedom to avenge themselves by committing bigger and better crimes, it is difficult to use acclamatory adjectives with restraint in writing of Warden Lewis E. Lawes's humane and deeply sincere book, a book which every ruling official of a penal institution should, by a legislative act if necessary, be compelled to read and reread until saturated with this great warden's viewpoint.

No nearer solution of the criminal problem has ever been offered to a shamefully passive public. No stronger or more convincing argument for the abolition of capital punishment has been written—written by a man who has walked that grim "last mile" with 144 men and one woman without losing his power to sympathize.

The book would come under a general autobiographical classification, but it is much more than an autobiography. Although the picture of Sing Sing is vivid and complete, it is by no means just a study of the prison. Of his own life Warden Lawes tells just enough to give the inside picture of the lives by which he is surrounded. One is amazed at the intimate knowledge he has gleaned from his charges and fascinated by the manner in which these character studies are presented. Once begun, the book refuses to be ignored. From the gruesome prologue, an imaginary broadcast of an actual electrocution from the death chamber, the book is intensely gripping throughout, written with a sincerity that seems to grasp the shoulder and look one squarely in the eye.

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Although the book is replete with absorbing human-interest sketches which we cannot but wish were longer, there is only one elaboration on an individual's life in Sing Sing prison. The chapter under the title "The Rose Man," a tribute to Charles Chapin who died in the institution recently, ending his term as a lifer for the murder of his wife, can step from the widely separated covers of the book and stand proudly alone on its own merits as one of the fine things in American literature. This one chapter will doubtless be reprinted countless times and is likely to find itself bound somewhere near "A Message to Garcia" in future school readers.

Realizing the insatiable curiosity of a morbid and sometimes sordid public which, by its constant clamoring, induces newspaper editors to go to any extreme to fill their pages with the so-called facts about criminals who are, at the moment, in the limelight, Warden Lawes makes no accusation. He simply shows the results of such unjustified publicity upon the criminal mind and convinces his readers that these reactions are seldom praiseworthy.

We can only hope that this great work will be accorded its due recognition. But, sadly, the attitude of so many of those whom it should by all means reach is best shown by a personal experience.

When Alexander Patterson came to this country last year from England to investigate penal conditions here he visited the prison of my incarceration. As I was the prisoner most easily accessible, since my duties were light in the afternoons, I was fortunate enough to be in his company for nearly two hours answering pertinent questions. He took dinner with the warden and his wife that evening and spoke to us in the chapel later. From all appearances he and the warden had formed a fine friendship during the Englishman's short visit. Consequently, when, several weeks later, I discovered an article by him in the New York *Times* comparing the methods and conditions in the two countries I read it hurriedly and took it to the warden, thinking, as was only natural, that it would interest him much more than it did me. I was announced, and he told the clerk to show me in. Although alone in the office and apparently doing nothing at the time, it was some time before he recognized my presence, an attitude that is perfectly understandable under the conditions. When, at last, he asked me what I wanted, I placed the paper on his desk and explained why I had brought it. With only a casual glance he pushed it aside and said he didn't have time to read it. As I took my orders from the chaplain, this was my first and last visit to the warden's office, but antiquated methods about the prison were not so puzzling any longer. That Warden Lawes is highly capable to write the results of his years of stuyding the criminal mind could easily be one of this country's great blessings. But so many haven't time to read about it.

St. John Erskine, writing in the London *Observer* of Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," says: "There is, I repeat, a poet in Mr. O'Neill, though his note is becoming fainter and fainter. I once called him the Marlowe of America, preparing the path for its Shakespeare, and I believe that description to be still true. He, too, like Marlowe, sprawls and is humorless and inclined to let the ideologist in him usurp the place of the artist, but the artist is there. He cannot be found in 'Mourning Becomes Electra,' in which there is not a single sentence which glows with the poet's passion. From beginning to end of this long play, there is not one speech which is memorable or quickened by the fire which burns in every poet's heart. Yet O'Neill is a poet, inflamed by a singer's ecstasy. Can the poet be recovered, or is he to founder in a puddle of pseudo-science? The question is still debatable. He is not yet drowned, although his efforts to escape from a watery grave seem to grow feebler. What he most terribly needs is a shock such as Saul receiver on the road to Damascus. If he can be temporarily blinded by a vision from heaven, the poet in him will emerge and overcome and kill the peddler of second-hand thoughts. When that occurs to him, he will no longer see men as beasts walking under the elms. He will learn, first, that elms are beautiful, and, second, that men still aspire to be gods."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

STATE FAIR. By PHIL STONG. *Century.*

A story of the Corn Belt, racy of the soil, and enlivened by quiet humor.

ENGLAND MUDDLES THROUGH. By HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH. *Macmillan.*

An analysis of the social, economic, and political conditions which have held England in control in the past few years.

AS I SEE RELIGION. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. *Harpers.*

An interpretation by a liberal.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Iowa, Old Style

STATE FAIR. By PHIL STONG. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

AFTER the thunder shower was over and in the comparative cool of early evening, the Frakes loaded themselves and Blue Boy on the truck and drove through the tepid Iowa night to the State Fair at Des Moines. Margy was scrunched between her Father and Mother on the hooded seat; Wayne, the son, dozed on top of Blue Boy's pen, behind them, and thus they rolled through Brunswick, Douds, Selma, Ottumwa with its electric lights, down a level aisle of concrete highway between endless rows of sentinel cornstalks.

Romance was all around them, that night, and waiting still more at the end of the road. Blue Boy—not just a pig, but the greatest hog ever raised, pointed up to reach the "very needle-point of his condition just as he lifted his snout at the judges in the stock pavillion at Des Moines"—won the Iowa, which is the same as saying the world's, sweepstakes. Mrs. Frake's pickles swept the board—a first for sweet pickles, a first for sour pickles, and for "pickles, unclassified, spiced pickles of Mrs. A. R. Frake, Brunswick, blue ribbon and plaque for best pickle or preserve in department." And Margy and Wayne, in the shape of a girl the latter picked up while tossing rings at a hoop-la stand and a newspaper-reporter the former happened to find herself next to on a roller-coaster, found romance and "then some"—the sudden blaze of love that singes the wings it irresistibly attracts and sent the prairie youngsters back to the farm, with Father and Mother and Blue Boy, a man and woman grown.

Mr. Stong, lately a New York newspaperman, comes, it seems, from Iowa pioneer stock very like that of the Frakes themselves. Hay-pitcher and hog-caller of parts in his even more youthful days, he knows his corn-belt, and he brings to his first published novel (he is said to have written and torn up several others) an unusual combination of the city slicker's knowingness and humor with a sound understanding of and affectionate feeling for the life of which he makes his story, including all that "touchin' on and appertainin' to," as Big Bill Devery used to say, such a personage as Blue Boy himself.

As sure-handed from the serious novelist's point of view as it is richly amusing, "State Fair" makes its mark by what the author succeeds in doing with Abel Frake's superlative Hampshire boar and Mother Frake's no less superlative pickles. Blue Boy becomes one of the solidest characters of recent fiction. You are as much his partisan and as worried about what might happen to him as if he were the leader of a beleaguered army approaching some Battle of the Marne.

And as for Mother Frake's pickles, I must confess to have got so excited about the artfully delayed progress of the judges through the other exhibits that I had to turn over a page or two to see how the thing was coming out. Of course it isn't just pickles that hang in the balance here, although Mr. Stong skilfully makes it seem so; it is faith, hope, kindness, courage, the whole admirable content of an admirably drawn and peculiarly lovable and thrilling sort of woman, that you are so wrought up about.

With such a mother and father, such a healthy and happy family life, such a tradition back of them—for the Frakes came of the best pioneer stock and the young people were conscious of it and proud of it—I find it a little hard to fall in with all the implications of their behavior at the Fair. The latter was, to be sure, a tremendous adventure and release for the whole family; both youngsters had quarrelled with their semi-fiancés just before leaving the farm, both were in a twitter of adolescent nerves, and that they should more or less dive off the deep end, once in the glittering maze of the corn-belt kermess, is natural enough.

But that they should go the whole hog, so to say, seems to me not only inconsistent with their character and environment—a minor argument, perhaps, inasmuch Mr. Stong is writing a novel and not a treatise on corn-belt ethics—but out of key with the gay, richly humorous tone of the whole story, and the note on which it ends, with the all-seeing storekeeper, "chuckling, sardonically but not unpleasantly," as he steered his rickety old flivver down the river road.

"State Fair" is the Literary Guild selection for May.

A Modern Tragedy

A MODERN HERO. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

LOUIS BROMFIELD has turned (but only a little) from his first profession of depicting the American scene with a pen edged with a little satire but on the whole engaged upon faithful portraiture, to his second profession of being an able and varied story-teller. He began his new book in this mood, equipping its stage with picturesque contrasts in characters and in life: —an old war horse of the circuses, a superb tamer of men and leopards; her son, half Jewish financier, half trouper; his first love, a country girl in one of those small American towns that Bromfield describes so well, and well observed and well described accompanists. His method, too, is that of the born story-teller who, if he once departs from the conventional pattern of narrative, is never satisfied except by experiment. The interweaving of character studies each introducing a member of the caste is excellently contrived in this book. One by one the elements that blend into the environments of Pierre Radier, the circus boy who became an entrepreneur in industry, are dropped into the flowing story just as a skilful raconteur interrupts his main narrative to say, "But now I'll have to tell you of the uncle, and how he came in." And slowly what begins as vivid romance turns into another cross section of American society.

Prosperity and a greed for living eat into the character of this modern hero, until he is neither wise, nor happy, nor heroic in his success, while the faint glow of real heroism hovers for a moment, just as they disappear from the story, over the heads of the queer, the irreconcilable, the "dumb" characters: his strident mother, the opulently loving Léah, the rustic Croy, the determined Joanna. The hero can succeed, he can send his illegitimate son to college and ruin him with money, he can have women when he wants them. It is a modern tragedy, but not, it seems to this reader, as significant as Bromfield's earlier books. He has little new to say of the American scene, but his power to make stories about it is greater than ever. And it is probable that Mr. Bromfield's real forte is not as social historian, but as sheer story-teller. He is never either subtle or profound, but he never lets the reader down with a false note out of character, never fails to get the feeling of actual life in his narrative, never fails to have a story (in this book a dozen of them). He is not, as some critics have rashly asserted, a great writer, not a first-rate imagination, not even a Howells (whom he sometimes resembles) of our own day. But he is always a good novelist, giving money's worth of entertainment and wisdom and vicarious reality, which is more than can be said for nineteen well touted novels out of twenty. And what he sees of the contemporary scene, which is much, for he is shrewd and observant, he can tell.

A Tragedy of Race

AMBER SATYR. By ROY FLANNAGAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS simple, direct, and moving story of what life did to a man of mixed blood is, if this reviewer's memory is correct, Mr. Flannagan's second novel, his first being a quite remarkable piece of work called "Seven Days' Whipping." The title of the present book is inappropriate, for Luther, the protagonist of a relentless tragedy was not a satyr; he was a kind soul whose handsome yellow body happened to catch the eye of a lustful poor-white woman. This alone was, of course, sufficient to doom him, but the situation was further complicated by fear on the part of one of the woman's brothers-in-law who had got Luther's young and pretty daughter into trouble, and by jealousy on the part of another brother-in-law who had enjoyed his sister-in-law's favors.

There was nothing inherently tragic in the fact of Luther's mixed blood. He and others of his kind dreamed that they would some day be allowed to call themselves Indians and that their children might then go to an Indian school. For himself, Luther was too big and strong, too willing and able to work, too ready with a song when there was a job to be speeded, to let the fact that he was part-white bother him much. Living in his cabin with his young daughter to look after him, owning fat hogs and a fine, spirited colt, with a place to work on shares, he seemed to have little enough to be concerned about. But it was a poor white family on whose place he worked; the man gnarled with rheumatism even before he died, and of little use to the buxom and lusty woman he had married.

So Mr. Flannagan means us to understand that it was Luther's unfortunate contact with the very dregs of the white race that meant a trap for him from which there was no escape. There is no preaching of a sermon on this subject, although the inference is plain; it is poor-whites in general who hate negroes as the better class of Southerners never does, and who are most often at the bottom of difficulties between the races. Mr. Flannagan's poor-whites seem to me somewhat more credible than Erskine Caldwell's in "Tobacco Road"; they are disagreeable and detestable enough, but they seem closely enough akin to the rest of the human race to be judged by its standards, whereas some of their fellows in other recent novels of the South have sunk below the baboon-level. This is no pleasant story, to be sure, but to be read with somewhat of the perverse fascination of watching anything alive headed straight for death, with no power to save it.

I think William Faulkner could have compressed this novel into a short story without any loss of power; Mr. Flannagan includes a full report of the idiotic meeting before the State Legislature on the Indian bill, where all the worn-out arguments about racial supremacy and racial integrity are once more paraded, and this is not an integral part of the narrative. "Amber Satyr" is no full-bodied novel of complications and characterizations, and one would, it seems to me, be little likely to read it twice. But it has much honesty and accurate observation; its plot is entirely credible, and it has the complete freedom from prejudice in dealing with racial questions that is characteristic of present-day Southern writing. Mr. Flannagan's Luther is heroic—worth all the poor-whites in the book rolled into one, and this state of affairs is indicated with no special pleading.

JACKET ILLUSTRATION FOR "STATE FAIR."

Years of Horror

CHOCOLATE. A novel by ALEXANDER TARASOV-RODINOV. Translated from the Russian by CHARLES MALAMUTH. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

TARASON-RODINOV'S story published in Soviet Russia about ten years ago and now appearing for the first time in English here, is laid in the nightmare period and psychology of the civil war days of the Russian Revolution, when White armies were beating on several fronts at once, while inside the Red walls the Terror was in full force.

Zudin, Chairman of the local Cheka, takes pity on a woman, a poor, scared moth of a ballet dancer, caught in the Cheka net with others really guilty, and gives her a job as his secretary. The woman, a greedy little baggage, accustomed to live by her wits, promptly starts in to make love to her benefactor and ends by shearing the locks of the Communistic Samson and bringing both of them to the firing squad.

She typifies all that sensuous beauty, softness, and "bourgeois" rottenness against which the Communistic evangelists, as men, with ordinary men's weaknesses, had to fight. "How many of the most honest comrades"—so bitterly soliloquized Zudin, when it was too late—"eagerly pick up these remnants of chocolate, these ballet dancers and other broken pieces, in order to preserve carefully, like art lovers, the sacred culture of the past!"

Among the innumerable names of Cheka prisoners which passed under the dancer-secretary's eyes as she worked in the office files, turned up, one day, the name of a man she formerly had known, a rich merchant's waster of a son. He had been recommended for dismissal, but through a characteristic oversight had been overlooked and still "sat" in prison. Seeing that it would be an easy matter to have the man released, she couldn't resist the temptation to sneak round and blackmail his helpless old father. The bribe thus paid, came to the notice of Zudin's colleagues, already jealous of him and suspicious of his "bourgeois" helper, and Zudin himself was arrested.

It was plain enough that the man was morally guiltless, but people had already begun to talk. The cause was hurt, the white robe of the high priest smirched, no less than if Zudin had actually been guilty of what the public suspected. Even Zudin himself saw that, at last, and bidding farewell to his children and comforting his wife as best he might, he lifted eyes blazing with religious exaltation to the approaching firing squad.

For those who have followed all the swings of the Revolutionary pendulum, the story, read today, inevitably "dates" a bit. The antiphonal style in which it is told—stretches of objective narrative alternating with bits of subjective psychology printed in italics—seems rather tricky, although the matter itself is always hot, sharply pointed, and vivid. The novel still makes an exciting crime story for anybody to read, and for those less acquainted with Revolutionary nuances, particularly, it will give an artistically faithful notion of at least one part of the atmosphere of the years—round about 1920—in which it is placed.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XVI. MORNINGSIDE PARK

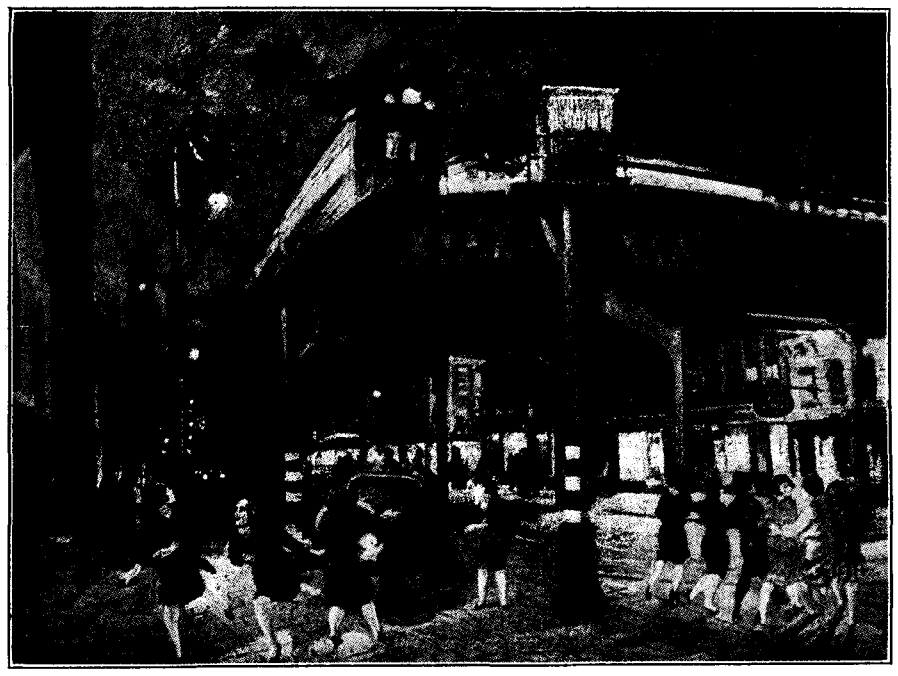
THE Sixth Avenue L runs like a spinal thread through the story of Richard Roe. Sometimes, as I climb its tremulous old stilts or look off at its varied glimpses of surprise, I think what a book it would make. Who could write the History of the Sixth Avenue L? *Harlem train, Harlem train,* I hear those grizzled little men saying as they swing the iron gates open in the late afternoon traffic. Where do they find, for their conductors and platform guards, so many cheerful little grandfathers, all of the honest sexton type? I suppose that somewhere, lurking behind old mahogany roll-top desks or shopping demurely at Best's and Altman's, there are stockholders of the Sixth Avenue Road. I suppose it is not just a phenomenon of Nature that goes instinctively on: there must be power-plants, blue-prints, diagrams, inventories, all the appalling detail of any large human scheme. But I accept it as Richard Roe did, one of the miracles. Its gruesome lavatories, its wooden counters eroded by the slide of coins, its schedules of lectures on Botany (which I never see anywhere else), the chant of wheels grinding round curves, the breath of pure air and sunlight on its morning platforms, all these are part of my picture. The subway is all very well for poets: there the busy mind is involved upon itself, you speed through roaring darkness with flashes of inward light. But the L is for historians, who cannot help gazing outward upon chaos disposed in rectangles. Architects and Regional Planners deplore the old L, as well they may. Yet I have seen beauty and amazement from its palpitating trestles. Remember, O proud posterity, that it once ran like a winding nerve of feeling through our middle-class romance.

⁂ ⁂

When Richard began work for Erskine Brothers, he and Lucille were living somewhere off Manhattan Avenue, below Morningside Park. Hubbard did not trouble to identify the exact apartment house, for it had been modernized since then, and Old King Cole (Rex Cole, I mean) had put in electric refrigeration. It was a dark little cell-block in one of the cross-town streets, round about 113th or thereabouts, but within easy reach of the broad walks and rocky terraces of Morningside Park where Baby Gladys had her earliest impressions of life. Gladys was born, I gather, about 1911—a Taurus child; these are always difficult in temperament, an astrologer assured Lucille. Gladys's earliest memories were associated with roller-skating, which perhaps accounted for her subconscious idea that life was intended to move smoothly on wheels. But also there were severe bumps on the many flights of stone steps that scale the Morningside ramp. The greatest joy of her childhood was when the delightful bronze of *Bear and Faun* was put there. Under an overhanging ledge sits a goat-boy, listening with startled air; above, a big brown bear has crawled up the rock, flattened on his belly, and leans over with scooping paw hoping to surprise the young Pan. Gladys was then about three years old, and was one of the first of the children whose clambering admiration has brightened the bear's heels and polished his inquisitive nose. Richard had to reassure her many times that the bear didn't get the boy. Pan's goat-legs always puzzled her, and it was characteristic of her to remark, a few years later, "My legs are prettier than that."

Morningside Park is one of New York's pleasantest places—not very often visited from above, for the climb back is severe for the very young. Consequently there is an imaginary social division: Manhattan Avenue lifts its eyes aspiringly toward Morningside Drive and the half-built cathedral; at night it sees the lighted windows of bishops and university officers and conceives the Upper West Side as a high social plateau. Of this Lucille was very conscious; she was secretly indignant that Herman and Hazel lived above that Tarpeian Rock among the glamors of Broadway and subway, while she, now submerged in domestic pressures, inhabited a push-button apartment. For her, to live in an apartment without an elevator was a painful grievance. Even when mild sunshine lay peaceful upon the park and Gladys was absorbed in play so that Lucille could really settle down in the sedentary comfort for which women are so charmingly cushioned, she was aware of that steep rampart behind her. She detested Hazel's innocent remark, "I'm coming *down* to see you."

The incredibly high curve of the L bounds the park on the south, and seems its only obvious exit toward the more dazzling world which Lucille coveted. But even the L seemed to her a plebeian, even a rustic sort of carriage. Her theatrical instinct leaned always toward artificial lights; show people are always more at home in the subway.



SIXTH AVENUE ELEVATED, BY JOHN SLOANE.
From "John Sloane," by Guy Pène du Bois (Whitney Museum of Art).

Such thoughts did not visit Richard. The L was there, and he used it. Even in after years he remembered that there were ninety-five steps up to the station platform at 110th Street, and he knew them all. Hurrying toward the office in the morning he usually did not wait for the ancient and crowded elevators. It is a good sign when a young father, in a new job, prefers to run up ninety-five steps. One of the things I like about Richard is that it did not often occur to him to feel sorry for himself. After all he did not ask very much of life (few men do until too late.) To have a job that offered reasonable possibility of advance, to have a home to return to at night, this is plenty. As the train swung off round that huge, dangerous curve every morning he looked off at the little park as proudly as though it were his own private domain. All through the day, Lucille and the baby were in the background of his mind. Even the drudgeries of his work were irradiated by this new sense of security. Daisy Erskine, seeing in him a willing horse, kept loading him with sets of galley-proofs of the new novels. She had abandoned hope of getting the senior salesmen to read books in galley form. But Richard was still young enough to regard it as a compliment. Galleys are an infernal nuisance to read, but to Richard they seemed the symbol of being an insider in a lofty affair. He would rummage out a long scroll of them from his pocket and study them on the L, rather proud to see other passengers wondering.

⁂ ⁂

Knowing now, as we do in this inverted perspective, that things later worked out fairly well, there is an almost unhandsome satisfaction in contemplating the grievances of that era. The apartment was small and inconvenient, and in a neighborhood where there were many Spanish-Americans whom Lucille generalized as dagoes. She herself, born Lucille Geschwindt, had the Teutonic blonde's suspicion of any tint of amber in the skin. Money was scarce, and they had no regular maid. Although they became later the most inseparable cronies, she resented her daughter in those early years. She had imagined a stage career for herself, or at least years of delightful excitement in the box-office, and the unexpected arrival of Gladys seemed to her a bit of carelessness on Richard's part. But she was a creature of surprising energy and did not spare herself in the household tasks. She was not content unless Gladys outshone all the other children of Morningside Park, in smart bonnets or corkscrew ringlets or embroidered breeks. If the child looked pale she would even make her up with a touch of rouge to harrow the nursemaids of more sallow races. As a result of these endless ardors, when Richard came home at evening he often found her exhausted. Then his guiless anecdotes of what had happened at the office were, to his amazement, cause for indignation. Little could he guess that he was innocently operating on the oldest and most dangerous human fallacy. He had given a woman a home and a child, and in his simplicity he had supposed that was enough. But what women require is endless diversion, as imperative in their being as the changes of the moon. And Lucille, convinced by experience that the life of offices is highly entertaining and that men's complaints of incessant toil are just a cunning stratagem, was increasingly annoyed by Richard's stories of publishing humors. They reminded her too sharply of the days when she also had a part in the great mellay of affairs.

No one will ever be able to pay sufficiently exquisite tribute to the nice oddity of chance which halts our human roulette on such and such a color. I know of one who became a person of large doings because on a day he wore, by accident, the wrong pair of trousers. They sorted very ill with his upper gear; consequently, that day, instead of trotting all about the office as usual, he remained assiduous at his desk with the incongruent pantaloons well hidden. He summoned to him all those from whom he required information, even asking the head of the firm, by telephone, to step in when he next went by. He discovered, by the end of the day, that he had dispatched more business than he usually did in a week; he wasted no time in genial to-and-fro; he strongly impressed valuable customers by not rising from his chair. He remained bashfully until all his colleagues had gone home, and so happened to catch an important long-distance call. He specialized in staying at his desk thereafter. By sitting still he rose to the top of the tree. It was the sheer hazard of a wrong pair of trousers.

It was no less a matter of chance that set off long series of events for Lucille and Richard. Lucille had noticed, with increasing annoyance, that the name of Daisy Erskine occurred frequently in Richard's talk of the office. Not that Lucille was silly enough to be jealous of Daisy in any technical sense; she shrewdly divined that Daisy was a good deal of a pseudo-literary freak, and that the men in the office considered her a bore. But she frankly envied Daisy (whom she had never seen) for her amusing occupation, and when Richard kept bringing home bundles of galley proof with the remark that Daisy had asked him to read them, she grew impatient.

"You're at the office all day, aren't you?" she cried. "When you get back here you can think about giving *me* a good time."

Richard protested naively to be given these advance proofs was a mark of confidence, that Mrs. Erskine was the wife of a member of the firm, that he couldn't very well refuse; that he had promised Daisy—

He was sitting by an open window with the long strips of proof in his lap. At that moment a gust of wind blew up one of the sheets into Lucille's face.

"The hell with Daisy!" she exclaimed. "She gives me hay fever." Seizing the mass of proofs she threw them out of the window. The street was an eddy of flying leaves, like a snow flurry.

Richard was profoundly shocked. He took business matters very seriously, and to destroy a set of galley proofs seemed to him a deplorable impiety. He trudged downstairs and collected as many of the sheets as possible, but some had vanished beyond retrieve or fluttered on trees and window-ledges. As a matter of fact, the results of the incident were not regrettable, for Richard determined to sell as many of this book as possible, to atone for the mischance. The author of the work has never guessed why it sold specially well in the Middle West. But this started a dispute which, for the first time, sent Richard off on the road with a feeling of loneliness and grievance.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Country Worth Saving

(*Continued from page* 709)

the writers, critics, painters, musicians who are dependent upon a clientèle, if these are allowed to decline the renewal will be difficult.

And it cannot be said too emphatically that the vital question for this country is not how to make it prosperous, but how to make it a better place to live in. The two are not synonymous, as we know from still recent experience. Indeed, amidst all the talk of economic results and causes, it is well to remember that a good share of our present trouble is due to the failure of the last half century to take thought enough on how to make a country fit for a civilized man to live in. Our economic ideals, our social ideals, have been pointed differently. We have wanted freedom to acquire luxuries, and we have got them, until, as Thoreau said of an earlier and less egregious period, we are cluttered in our own traps, and, our greedy feet entangled, we have fallen with a crash upon the mechanical toys which first made the twentieth century comfortable and then came near to burying it.

And while not one word said here must be taken as an abatement of the duties of those who have, to relieve the necessities of those who have not, and the duty of all to be concerned with ways and means for a better system than the present disorder, it should not for one day be forgotten that less tangible needs are pressing, that it is the duty of the good mind not to go slack because industry has slackened, and the job of responsible men and women who call themselves cultivated to see that the edifices of culture which they themselves have erected, stay firm. For them at least the country to be saved must be a country fit to be lived in.

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CRAZY ABOUT BOOKS: *A Short Story for the Trade*

BY AN EMINENT BOOKSELLER

EARLY IN 1932 Robert Faxton met with an accident. No one was ever quite sure how the accident happened and of course there was some talk that perhaps it wasn't entirely a mistake. Faxton had been a successful bookseller until 1929 but what with the panic and the depression and all the other things that seemed to hit the book business all at once, he got rather despondent and took to brooding. He had the courage to analyze his own end of the business but the more he analyzed the more hopeless it seemed.

Whether it was having his mind so full of all these problems or whether the load became too heavy to carry no one will ever know. But one day Faxton left his store to go to lunch and when he came to Main Street, instead of waiting for the traffic lights he kept on going. Of course it happened. But two things went wrong. First, it was a Model T that hit him, and second, worse luck, it didn't kill him—although when the policeman picked him up Robert certainly looked as if he belonged to the remainder class. They took Faxton to the hospital and for ten days he was unconscious and for twenty more he was on the danger list. When at last he could sit up and enough of the bandages were removed so his words could be understood he talked in such a way that his doctor called in a specialist who listened but shook his head. Said the Great Man: "You've saved his life but my guess is that it might have been better if you hadn't. His body is here but his mind is elsewhere. He seems perfectly sane and so he is—up to a certain point. When I asked him what his business was he replied correctly enough—selling books. But then he went on with a story what a wonderful business it was and how everyone in the whole industry was making money, and perfectly happy. It may sound all right to you but I happen to know some publishers and booksellers pretty intimately. Your patient looks to me like a hopeless case but I'll take him on. He's amusing if nothing else."

So the brain specialist made up a list of questions to ask poor Robert. Of course it was hard work to keep Robert's mind on one subject at a time but at last the questionnaire was completed. Faxton is now at one of those hospitals that have high walls and iron gates. Don't feel sorry for him because he is perfectly happy, and why shouldn't he be? He still believes that everything is all right and when he wants a little recreation from his own thoughts he strolls over and has a talk with Napoleon or Caesar.

Here is the Questionnaire with Robert's answers.

Q.—Your name?

A.—Robert Faxton.

Q.—Occupation?

A.—Bookseller.

Q.—When did you become a bookseller?

A.—1900.

Q.—How long have you owned your own business?

A.—Since 1906 except for three years when all I owned of it was the name. That was the time the department stores came into the book field and cut prices. I could not pay my bills and failed but nobody wanted my name so I started up again but that was in the days before the Dictator and——

Q.—Never mind that part now. What was your volume of sales from 1912 to 1927?

A.—Of course it was small in those years compared with now when we have the New Plan. As nearly as I can remember, in 1912 I was selling about $50,000 a year and the gross worked up to about $100,000 in 1927 and then dropped to about $60,000 in 1931. But of course when we put things back on the right basis the sales started up again and my volume now is—

Q.—Just a minute please. Why did your sales increase from 1912 to 1927?

A.—Oh, I don't know, they just did. I guess it was because the book lists were pretty good and people believed what publishers and booksellers said about the books, and no one seemed to care very much anyhow whether they got their money's worth or not.

Q.—Why did your sales start to decrease in 1927, two years before the panic?

A.—I don't like to talk about those unhappy years. As near as I can make out the public started to lose confidence in books and publishers and booksellers. I don't know why unless it was because the Book Clubs demonstrated to the public that the price of books was too high. Then also I guess that a good many books were published which pretended to be better than they were, although you wouldn't guess it from the blurbs on the jackets. Then of course you couldn't really blame the public for getting a little mixed up all around when the reprints of non-fiction started going, coupled with Doubleday's announcement of new Dollar fiction. Of course when you could buy a book for a dollar which a little while before had sold for five dollars and it looked just as good, and sometimes better, it was a little hard to understand why you should pay five dollars for any book. But that was all straightened out when the New Plan went into effect and then everything was fine. You see——

Q.—Yes, we'll get to that in a few minutes. What I want to ask you about is the stock of books you carried before 1927?

A.—I carried quite a large stock for the size of my business but it was all good stock, that is some of it was slow moving, but a good book in those days always had a market if you held on to it long enough. You didn't need a stock control card then for each book, but the Dictator made all of us put in——

Q.—Just a minute, just a minute *please,* now tell me how much old stock, that is books which had been in your store over two years, did you have, say in 1925?

A.—Oh about ten percent of the total stock I carried. But you see when the new system was put in it showed us exactly how——

Q.—Yes, yes, but how much old stock did you have, say in 1930?

A.—Well by that time about fifty percent of my stock was at least two years old. With Book Clubs and reprints of non-fiction, and over-production of poor books, and drug stores, and cigar stores, carrying books, and especially cut prices led by Macy, well I somehow couldn't get rid of my staple books at all, and no matter how careful I was in buying it seemed as if I was adding to my stock all the time. Of course when the new plan came——

Q.—All right, all right, let's talk now about this New Plan, or Dictator, or what ever you call it. Tell me when was this new scheme put into practice?

A.—I don't remember exactly. You see since we have had it everything has run so smoothly, everybody has made money, poor books have been eliminated, prices have been lowered, the public doesn't complain any more, why, it's hard to remember the old times of trouble.

Q.—This Dictator you speak of, how did he come into the book world?

A.—I don't remember just who it was that started it, or just how it was done, but as near as I can remember when the publishers found that the bookstores were unable to meet their bills, and that nothing could be done about over-production, and price cutting, and author stealing, and poor business ability of booksellers—then, one publisher appointed a man as Dictator of his business with all sorts of power. A few days later another publisher appointed the same man as Dictator of *his* business. In a month or so practically every publisher had appointed a Dictator, and strangely enough they had all appointed the same man. Well, a week later the Dictator told each one of his publishers that beginning the first of next month that Macy's discount would be 10 percent, cash with the order. Well, the jobbers when they heard this shouted with joy, until the Dictator told one of the jobbers that the discount to jobbers hadn't quite been decided upon yet but would be taken up just after the first of the month. Then a funny thing happened, really it wasn't so funny because it was so natural: by the end of the first week of that month neither Macy nor anyone else in New York was cutting prices and by the end of the second week no one in the United States was either.

When I heard this I certainly was happy because I could see that everything was going to be fine from then on. The next day however I got a letter from the Dictator asking me to send him a statement of my assets and liabilities and a detailed account of my operating expenses. There were forms enclosed for me to fill out which would give him more information about my business than I knew myself, and there was also a place for me to sign, agreeing that I would put in a card stock control system. Well I had always been willing to tell anyone about my business so I filled out everything, and sent for the card stock control system and directions how to use it. There were, at first, some booksellers who said they would be damned if they would fill out any such fool forms, but they were not, and they did. You see the Dictator wrote them a second letter which said something about discounts being 25 percent to any bookseller who didn't send in his figures, and when the bookseller found that even the jobbers wouldn't give him more than 25 percent, and that other booksellers who had sent in the figures were getting a better break than they had had before, why it wasn't long before everyone was in line and liking it too. The Dictator showed them how they could save money on expenses, and increase not only their volume but their net profits. You ought to have seen how the card stock control system cut down your stock on hand and yet fixed it so that most of the time you seemed to have in stock the book a customer asked for.

Q.—How did this Dictator cut down over-production, eliminate poor books, and lower prices?

A.—Oh, he just went over each of his publisher's lists for the previous year or so and found out the percent of that year's list which had not proved successful, or did not have the excuse of being necessary to literature regardless of whether it made money or not, and then told each of his publishers that their list would be a certain percent smaller the next year. Then of course when he put an end to stealing authors and made it so that an author couldn't change publishers unless clearly a publisher hadn't done a good job in selling, two things happened: first, publishers didn't have to publish a poor book by a good author in order to keep the author on his list, and second, publishers did their utmost to sell each title so as to hold on to their authors. Of course this cut down the number of titles each year by about 50 percent, but it increased the sale of those that were published so much that the total number of books sold was much more than ever before. The authors liked the idea because it made more money for them. The public liked it even better because their chances of getting a poor book was reduced to a minimum and also what with the added sales of each title, and the reduced costs all along the line by eliminating wastes, the retail price of books dropped about 25 percent. Some people said at first that it worked a hardship on the third and fourth rate authors. Statistics showed however that some of these authors had actually paid cash to publishers to have their books brought out. This more than offset the small profit the others had made which proved that their time wasn't worth much anyhow.

Q.—Didn't you as a bookseller and also the publishers feel that your freedom and individual rights were destroyed by having a Dictator?

A.—Only at first, and we were all so busy putting the plan into effect and selling more books, that we didn't think much about it. Later when we thought it over we found that the Dictator hadn't told us to do a single thing that we hadn't really wanted to do all the time but had always felt we couldn't do because the other fellow wouldn't do it. All the Dictator was really doing was to tell us we couldn't put our fingers in the buzz saw, or put our heads on the railroad track when the train was coming. We really had a lot more freedom than we ever had before too because we didn't have to spend any time trying to beat the other fellow. If a publisher thought up a new idea in publishing—why that was his property and all the other publishers didn't rush in with a book like it and kill the market. After the first year of the new plan you never heard much about the Dictator because everything went along so smoothly, and whenever I think of it now my only thought is that it is all so simple that I wonder why we didn't do it long ago. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

The Doctor had gone over the Questionnaire three times in the quiet of his private office. On it depended the commitment or freedom of Robert Faxton. At last he placed his signature to the commitment papers, thinking to himself: "Faxton isn't really dangerously insane but I am putting him away for his own good. He is happy now. But if he ever got out and found how different things really are the shock would kill him."

EDITOR'S NOTE: — *This spirited fable raises a number of questions highly interesting to the Trade. The cleverly insinuated suggestion of a sort of Soviet Dictatorship in the Book Business may seem fantastic; publishing is a highly temperamental and individualized affair; but the notion of a Federal Government also seemed fantastic to the early patriots of the several States.*

Before announcing the identity of the Eminent Bookseller who sent us this story we should relish hearing comments from any of our readers. Do you think the Doctor was justified in committing Robert Faxton to the Asylum? If so, in what specific hallucinations do you think the bookseller was cashew?

Paradise Lost

THE MANUSCRIPT OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, Book I. Edited by HELEN DARBISHIRE. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1931.

THE Pierpont Morgan Library possesses among its innumerable treasures, the MS. of the first book of "Paradise Lost," written by an amanuensis and corrected by several hands under the poet's direction. This MS. of Book One has been preserved in nearly perfect state: the remainder is lost. This extant portion—all of Book One—has been edited by Helen Darbishire, reproduced in facsimile by the collotype process, and isued together with a preprint of the first edition and a transcription of the MS. The introduction contains a thorough consideration of the MS. in its form and contents, and of the light which it throws on Milton's method of literary composition after his blindness came upon him.

The reprinting of the text of the first edition and of the original form in this MS. are of interest as showing many minor differences in spelling, etc., as well as exhibiting some of the interesting divergencies practised by seventeenth and twentieth century printers. The printer of the edition of 1667 took the usual liberties with capitalization, and liberally larded the text with capitals which are not in the MS. But if this seems an unwarranted intrusion on the part of Samuel Simmons, the printer of the first edition, what shall be said of the Oxford University Press which prints what purports to be a transcription of the MS. but substitutes the round *s* for the long form throughout? Such a substitution may be defended—but in any case it illustrates the impossibility of printing a MS in exactly faithful transcription.

As may be assumed, the printing of the volume is in the usual fine and scholarly style of the Oxford press. There are certain minutiæ in the notes, in the way of cancelled and inserted letters which are a most difficult and ingenious display of typographic skill. R.

"The funds of the Nobel Foundation," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "now amount to some two and a quarter million pounds sterling, and it is announced that there will be five awards this year. Alas! they will be made on the same old silly system of merit, instead of running the thing as a sweepstake and giving all sorts of decent and deserving nobodies a chance in the lucky dip. Eminent people are already usually rather well-off—and there have been years when, to judge by the actual awards, the available supply of eminence must have been running a bit thin.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A SHOOTING STAR

THE first of a new series of anthologies comes to me from the Cambridge University Press in the shape of a selection from the work of *Thomas Lovell Beddoes,* a strange literary figure long a favorite of mine. It is edited by F. L. Lucas of King's College, who is to choose the material for other anthologies of other poets to follow, including brief fragments and even single memorable lines as well as complete poems. In the preface to the Beddoes, Mr. Lucas rightly remarks that the best poetry of Beddoes "lies scattered through those chaotic plays which he found it so easy to begin, so hard to finish. . . . Yet at his best he can write with an intensity of imagination unsurpassed since Shakespeare." This may appear high praise indeed of one who also seems to his editor, in the "Introduction," to have soared his highest "when masquerading as a Jacobean," whose work is said to resemble "fragments of a shooting star buried in a desert." But the following encomium from the same appraiser is nevertheless true:

> Unable, he admitted, ever to construct a play, he remains at his best the greatest writer of dramatic blank verse for three centuries, and a master of wild imagery who might shake hands with Webster and Sir Thomas Browne.

Mr. Lucas presents certain of Beddoes's letters, including, of course, the note written in pencil which "was found folded on the poet's bosom, as he lay insensible after taking poison, in his bed in the Town Hospital at Basel." In this last is the wistful statement, "I ought to have been among other things a good poet. Life was too great a bore on one peg and that a bad one."

I am glad that Beddoes has so enthusiastic an editor, and as discriminating a one as the selections show that follow. Here was surely a great poet of the *macabre.* Among other things done superbly, but less well known than his carrion crows and ghosts' moonshine, is his portrait of the Crocodile:

Hard by the lilied Nile I saw
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl;
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,
No bigger than a mouse; with eyes like beads,
And a small fragment of its speckled egg
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout;
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws
Of the great devil-beast, like a pale soul
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew
A snowy troculus, with roseate beak
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

IN LYRIC AND BLANK VERSE

Such grotesquerie in Beddoes pleases me wholly and always has. His brilliant father, who was a friend of Coleridge's and Southey's, "and one of the most progressive doctors of his day," begot a strange enough son in the poet, one "in every apple of (whose) Tree of Knowledge lay a little black wriggling worm of doubt," one self-slain at the age of forty-five, a remarkable anatomist and a fitfully amazing writer. As purely beautiful lyrics the song from *Torrismond,* "How many times do I love thee, dear?" and the famous "Dream-Pedlary" should live as long as the English language; and passages in his blank verse will not die.

Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravelled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star—

is pure magic! And one need only quote a fragment of one of Torrismond's speeches toward the end of the first and only act of that unfinished drama to show why Beddoes may be mentioned for occasional things in the same breath with Shakespeare:

O father, father!
Must I give up the first word that my tongue,
The only one my heart has ever spoken?
Then take speech, thought, and knowledge quite away,—
Tear all my life out of the universe,
Take off my youth, unwrap me of my years,
And hunt me up the dark and broken past
Into my mother's womb; there unbeget me;
For 'till I'm in thy veins and unbegun,
Or to the food returned which made the blood
That did make me, no possible lie can ever
Unroot my feet of thee.

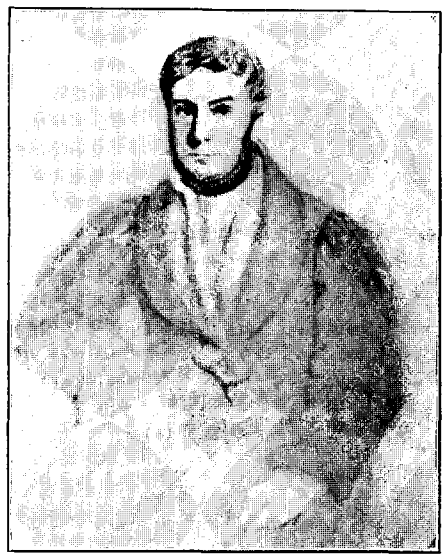
In connection with Mr. Lucas's excellent anthology one would do well to hunt up Royall H. Snow's *Thomas Lovell Beddoes: Eccentric and Poet,* published by Covici-Friede in 1928. There was a service Robert Browning might once have done to the memory of this Death's Jester, which he did not do, though he admired the work of Beddoes, as indeed did Tennyson; and it has taken years for slow appreciation of the poet to grow. Nevertheless it *has* grown. There is color and originality in the man and the work beside which many nineteenth century writers, infinitely more famous in their day, now pale—since

sure as men have died, strong necromancy
Hath set the clock of time and nature back;
And made Earth's rooty, ruinous, grave-floored caverns
Throb with the pangs of birth.

THE HARP OF THE NORTH

There has recently been a reissue by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* edited, with a new glossary, by Thomas Henderson; and now John Haynes Holmes, for the Oxford University Press, has presented us with *The Heart of Scott's Poetry,* in a most pleasingly bound and printed small volume. It is indeed time for a revaluation of Scott. Dr. Holmes rightly discards Scott's claim (filed for him by others), to the title of epic poet, and places him where he belongs, as "the last and greatest of the balladists." To reëxamine *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* is to realize again the extent of Scott's acquaintance with balladry; and his own work shows how greatly he profited by it. Again, however, Dr. Holmes properly debits Scott's careless (if almost incredibly robust) verse as "unstudied, uneven, unfinished, sometimes empty, frequently commonplace." That also is true. His copious poetic output has long needed to be winnowed; and, whatever the captious may say, Dr. Holmes has done the difficult task uncommonly well.

To remind my readers of the ballads, "Jock of Hazeldean," and "Alice Brand"; of the songs, "Proud Maisie," "Where shall the lover rest," "Lullaby of an Infant Chief," "Lucy Ashton's Song," and the splendid rallying songs such as "Hail to the Chief," "To the Lords of Convention,"



THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

"March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale," "MacGregor's Gathering," and "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," is to recall a mere handful of the superlative things Scott gave the world in verse. In the well-selected passages from the narratives one comes upon famous singing, as in the "Coronach" gemming "The Lady of the Lake":

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

Pondering upon this ancient manner, it seems to me that, even as the Scots desperately fighting around their King at the close of Flodden stood in need of some arousing warning, we may echo Scott of all Scots to a different purpose, in wishing for modern verse the old resonance and glory:

O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

For such was the gusto of Sir Walter's singing to his Harp of the North,—a great strain that still comes nobly from the mountain-passes behind the misted years!

LORD JUGGLER

Roberta Teale Swartz began writing so early that she first emerged as a child prodigy. As a student at Mount Holyoke she won various poetry prizes. In 1926 appeared her first book, *Lilliput.* Now she is married to Gordon Keith Chalmers and is an assistant professor in the Mount Holyoke English Department. Her second volume of poems is published by Harper's and entitled *Lord Juggler.* It is a modest book that holds true and mature poetry. The first poem indicates individuality:

All of a sudden, as I spoke,
My words within their sequence broke—
And I with horror heard
How empty every word
With earth meanwhile all curving ground
Ongoing at a speed profound.

The point of view is the poet's own without borrowings, though the language is occasionally somewhat awkward. This slight awkwardness of language seems to me a characteristic of much of Miss Swartz's poetry, though it is not always so. In "Vita Nuova" she compares love to a rocket and carries out the figure quite successfully. In "Where shall we go?" she contrives an eeriness that pleases me. "The Ring Dove" is hauntingly musical. And "Will Love at Last Lie in the Dust," though not the absolute best of her poetry, will illustrate the firmness of her statement and force of her phrase:

Will love at last lie in the dust?
It is not sure that all things must.
They say Elijah stood so brave
He was exempted from the grave,
And love, like him, should not be stark—
Polluted, lying in the dark—
But summoned from the ground, and higher
Rolled away in wind and fire.

The *Manchester Guardian* says: "A remarkable suggestion that in order to keep Shakespeare alive it might be necessary to retranslate him from modern German versions was recently made by Sir Nigel Playfair.

"Sir Nigel said that we were rapidly getting away from the Elizabethan age and our young people did not understand what Shakespeare was saying. His language to them was as strange as Chaucer's. Either you must produce Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists as they were written and treat them as museum pieces or you must rewrite them. It may be necessary to translate Shakespeare from the German versions of his plays. The reason why Shakespeare is so popular and successful in Germany is because he is more easily understood by Germans in the modern German into which he has been translated.

"Sir Nigel said that we forgot that the Elizabethan dramas were to their time newspapers, novels, political meetings, and cinemas all combined. That is why, if we are honest, we find it difficult to sit through Elizabethan plays in spite of the genius of Shakespeare and Jonson. They are too distracting in their appeal, and their range is too vast for our minds to grasp. That probably is why we cramp them with our modern methods of shifting scenery and elaborate decorations. The modern producers of Shakespeare say to their audiences, 'Don't bother to listen too much; it will hurt you. We have fixed up something else to keep you amused.' Sir Nigel said that if we did not do something about preserving the Elizabethan drama it was bound to disappear. Unless it were attacked in some entirely new way and used for purposes of display, like a Cochran production, it would cease to exist."

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•

MALCOLM COWLEY, reviewing "1919" in a late issue of the *New Republic,* said: "This last book is not only the best of all his novels; it is, I believe, a landmark in American fiction."

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An Irish Letter

By PADRAIC COLUM

I AM glad to note that certain of the younger poets have turned to the theatre. Austin Clarke's recently published "The Flame" is a one-act play in verse which has been produced by the Gate Theatre; the scene is laid in Ireland of the Romanesque period, and all the characters in it are nuns who guard Saint Brighid's perpetual fire—there are no men characters. And Mary Davenport O'Neill's "Prometheus," while not written as a formal ballet, suggests the movement of the dance. This poet has written a piece about Cain and Abel which the Abbey Theatre will produce as a ballet. "Prometheus" is like a dream of fire in a twilight world: the contrast between the hueless world of the dreamer and the vivid images of the dream has the same hypnotic effect as has the leaping flames in a darkened room with a heavy sky outside. The theme of this curious poem is the resistance that the artist offers to an idea that is bound to gain the mastery over him. There are voices that describe the scene, there is the storyteller who is the imagination of Prometheus, and there is Prometheus; the action ends with the exhaustion of the storyteller as Prometheus goes to carry his thought into action. The poem is full of images that are vivid and curious. I quote some of the verses:

Relentless light would drive the darkness back
To the woods to lie with cold and rotting leaves;
Unwearied glow would dare the cold
Come further than the shore of the lake
Where it could hide among the shivering weeds.

And this:

Fire is more changeful than a flight
Of plover rising from a field
That flutters dark and light
And dark and light.

Here are other images which in verse that has the flickering of fire leap up like flames:

And the Storyteller comes,
His hair on fire like a marigold,
Running across the bright longshadowed fields.

Or—

'Tis true we sometimes come
To where intensity calls back itself—
Withholding, like the crush of colors
That make the darkness of a blackbird's wing.

Or this which describes the change in him as his imagination begins to master Prometheus—

The strangeness of his face
Makes us remember
How once we saw the beach
After a storm,
And high above the shore the seaweed hung
On the new summer trees.
And boughs of trees
Lay on the shelly rocks.

The same volume contains a playlet which is close to the ballet—"Bluebeard." The chief character is conceived as an amateur artist—one who puts beauty above life. Bluebeard has slain his six wives so that their embalmed beauty may have no change nor decay. His castle is haunted by their voices—

We lie in the sun's light,
Our hair is long and bright,
But we are dead,
Stiller than the dead.
The worms that writhe and creep
About the dead
Are not such ill,
As this beauty we must keep
Who are so still—
Stiller than the dead.

Mary Davenport O'Neill has several short pieces in her collection, but the evidence is that her originality is in curious lyrical drama. When her work is produced as ballet, much of her flowing rhythm and surprising images will be lost, of course.

One of our younger poets has produced a remarkable collection of short stories; he is Frank O'Connor, and his book is "Guests of the Nation." This book has been amply noticed in American reviews, so I shall deal only with the points that are of Irish interest. Frank O'Connor is another who has been moulded by the Gaelic revival: he first gained recognition by his spirited translation of eighteenth century Gaelic poetry. Belonging to Cork county, he fought as a youngster through the guerilla warfare, and for some time past he has been working to find a form in which the war experience of a young man could be rendered richly and vividly. "Guests of the Nation" is result of this effort. It tells us for the first time with detachment of the experience of the generation who were brought up in an atmosphere of insurrection; it shows us the revolution, not merely as it affected the young idealists but as it affected the men and women of the backlanes—the low life of Cork as well as the life of earnest intellectuals who made themselves the leaders of Flying Columns is in these stories. Military operations are only a background for the characters; for my part I remember best some character or some scene that is quite outside the struggle—that "Night Piece with Figures" in which a young nun bids good night to a detachment of young men who have taken shelter in an outhouse by the convent, leaving them with a melancholy not bitter "like the melancholy of defeat, and in the morning, when they take to the country roads again, it will have passed," or that farm girl whom the disappointed young leader watches as she lights the house-fire, "her young pointed face taking light from the newborn flame." To my mind, the best story in the collection is "The Patriarch," and it can be put with the best of Irish stories. Here is the authentic Irish folk, good, bad, and indifferent. Here is that innocent, ineffective old timer, the type that we all remember but which did not survive the insurrection, which, for some strange reason, constituted itself the custodian of militant Irish nationality. The death of the Patriarch with the high, raging wind outside, and the machine-gun and the rifle answering each other off stage, with the throw-back to the early sad days that made patriotism his religion, is very moving. Not all the stories are of equal power, but the appearance of "Guests of the Nation" warrants us in saying that not only a writer but an artist has appeared in this poet turned storyteller.

An Irish and an Italian philosophical writer, Joseph Hone and M. M. Rossi, have collaborated in a book on the "Life and Writings of Bishop Berkeley," the biographical part being the work of Joseph Hone and the criticism of Berkeley's ideas being the work of Professor Rossi. No modern philosopher began his career in as dramatic a manner as Berkeley began his when, as a student of Dublin University, he attacked the pretensions of sciences to knowledge of man's nature and destiny—his denial of the existence of matter, the writers of this book contend, has only this significance. I find this history of Berkeley's mind, with its immense daring and curious acceptances, very fascinating. The writers are able to show that there was no Berkeleyan "system"—he left off being a philosopher time and time again, and each time he returned to philosophy he projected what was a new system, as if he had been only a reader of his own previous work. These writers make me see Berkeley as a great visionary who made his systems out of something he actually saw in the world, a man with such vision as made it natural for him to think that to perceive was to create. "I have eyes but no ears," he once wrote. This book, which gives us the speculative life of the great period of Leibnitz, Spinoza, Malebranche, and Berkeley, the social and political life of eighteenth century Ireland, as well as a glimpse of early Colonial America, has great variety of interest.

Berlin Student-Life

DIE LEHRJAHRE DES HERZENS. By ERNST SANDER. Hamburg: Gebrüder Enoch. 1931.

HERR SANDER'S novel is, we should say, a young man's book; at least it is of a very young man, who bought his sex-experience, as well as other experience of life, in Berlin, to which "Grossstadt" he comes as a young student from the country. There is a girl from his village there, too, but he has promised not to see her until she calls him. Eventually, of course, they meet, and he falls in love with her. But she has already sampled the life of Berlin and brutally tells him that, although she likes him well enough to have tea with him, he really has no "sex appeal"—this term seems to be one of the latest Anglicisms in the German vocabulary. Poor Georg—for that was the rather gawky student's name—turns to other means of self-expression; he gets into an artistic set; he becomes acquainted with young poets, rich and fashionable as well as poor and self-deluding; he even tries a common brothel, but this is such a repulsive experience that he doesn't try again, but prefers liaisons with servants. Then his friend's sister Ulrike falls in love with him, but gives him up when she realizes that his heart is really elsewhere, with the outrageous little flirt who had so cruelly rejected him. She tempts him once more near the flame, but he is only driven away again, with his wings badly singed, and at the end we find him settling down to his books, to the serious things of life. It is an interesting story of Berlin student life, where the University cannot be so self-contained, so detached from the great and wicked world as it is in the smaller academic centres.

"Storia d'Europa," by Benedetto Croce (Bari, Laterza), was sold out within the week of its publication, and has beaten every novel as best seller, according to foreign reports. Senator Croce has been inspired in writing his history of a century, 1815-1914, by a Pan-European conception. He sees the European mentality developing little by little from a condition of strife between one small centre and another to communal life, until through regional and national organization the more perfect form of a European Union can be reached. The philosopher remains true to his Liberal principles in this book, which does not prevent him from showing occasional marks of sympathy for Marxism.

Dr. W. B. Yeats, speaking at a dinner given recently in England in his honor by the Irish Literary Society, announced the forthcoming establishment of an Irish Academy of Letters. To begin with he hopes that it will be limited to twenty members, to be selected by a small committee whose names will be an absolute guarantee of their right to judge. Future elections to the Academy would be by the members of the Academy themselves.

Mrs. Monro, widow of Harold Monro, the poet, who died recently, intends to carry on the Poetry Bookshop in Bloomsbury under her own proprietorship.

"A crackerjack first novel"

which strikes a new note in American fiction

REVIEWING Phil Stong's new novel, *State Fair,* in the New York *Sun,* LAURENCE STALLINGS said of this Literary Guild choice for May: "It is a crackerjack first novel. . . .

"Mr. Stong, the novelist, seems out to provide entertainment for his $2.50, and in the end succeeds in communicating more American lore to his reader than many an artistic fellow has done in a whole shelf of novels. In the end of the book the whole family is deposited back home in Brunswick, Iowa, after more downright gayety and solid amusement than we have encountered in a novel in years.

* * *

"We are inclined to sermonize a little bit about this novel, even at the risk of hurting the sale which it so richly deserves. We are so filled with the dreadful miasmas of Mr. Lewisohn's estimate of America (we have a notion he could not tell a Hampshire sow from a McCormick binder), and are so downhearted by Miss Suckow's Iowans that we almost suspect Mr. Stong of lying when he says that there exist such families as the Frakes; that they eat, breathe and go through all the pleasant human emotions; that the young men desire money and lust after beauty, and that the young women have a contempt for money and a desire for those soft and fleeting contacts with life which make for romance. Mr. Stong by his fiction assures us that this is so.

* * *

"Even the farm wife, Melissa, does not seem bedraggled and frustrate, but has a downright gusto for life and cakes and pickles and husbands. And as for Abel, the bucolic farmer who bred and raised Blue Boy, he seems to be just what he and his kind have been insisting for years they are—the backbone of the country. . . .

* * *

"Abel would know the harness section of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue better than he would Virgil's Georgics—that useful poetry—yet we would wager that Mr. Lewisohn and all his kind (dreadfully upset over the lack of color in the life of homo rusticus) are far more kin to that catalogue than to the color lines in Virgil; and conversely, that Abel knows the sights and the sounds and the colors of this our enchanting earth better than does the author of Mr. Lewisohn's latest book. . . .

"At any rate, despite our sudden thrust at Mr. Lewisohn (and novels like this do give him a sound, meritorious boot in the britches), we hope we have not weakened your suspicion that the book has great amusement in it. For it has; and you would do well to let go this business of deep and agonizing brooding about life and climb aboard the Frake farm truck, and make an excursion through life. It is in *State Fair,* and most pleasantly."

STATE FAIR *by* ***PHIL STONG***
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FACT AND FICTION

American Lithography

AMERICA ON STONE. By HARRY T. PETERS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. HALL

MR. PETERS'S volume constitutes "a chronicle of American lithography from its beginning shortly before 1820, to the years when the commercial, single-stone and hand-colored lithograph disappeared from the American scene." It is, to quote from its title-page, "illustrated with 18 colored and 136 black and white plates, together with numerous other illustrations showing examples of the work of more than 100 different craftsmen from every part of America."

Alois Senefelder invented, or rather discovered, the process of lithography in 1798, after experimenting for years with characteristic German persistency. It was not long before artists on the Continent were employing the new method for the rapid and faithful reproduction of their efforts. Possibly lithographs were made in America about 1800 (Benjamin West worked on stone in 1801, in England), but the earliest examples of which we know are by Bass Otis, done in 1819. With this modest start as a new medium of artistic expression, lithography in America gradually displaced the copper engraving and the woodcut. Its most widespread use, however, was commercial, for posters, trade-cards, letterheads, etc.

A reign so absolute could not last; photography raised its then most ugly head and proved, with its attendant processes, a successful pretender to the throne as far as commercial work was concerned. Nor was there much else being done on stone, the affections of the better artists having been long since alienated by the too close association of lithography with commerce. There follows a definite hiatus in lithographic history, beginning in 1880 and extending through the 'nineties. But about 1900 a graphic chart of the process of lithography would show a sudden upward rise. Joseph Pennell had found in the greasy chalk an ideal tool for his creations. Although his first lithograph is dated 1877, he made no extended efforts in the medium until 1896; his Panama Canal and War Work series of later years remain as monuments to the power and grandeur of the lithograph in the hands of a great artist. George Bellows, John Sloan, George Biddle, Rockwell Kent, are a few of the distinguished American names responsible for a natural healthy revival in the art. The medium was reborn with new vigor and today finds itself one of the pets of the modernists.

Mr. Peters is not concerned with lithographic history up to this point. He has listed alphabetically in the body of the book all the publishers and artists of what we might call the American Stone Age—lithography today being more a matter of paper, zinc, and aluminum than stone. This list, the first comprehensive record of its kind, becomes at once an invaluable item of Americana. That is the point most to be stressed. America had been too busy assembling things of more obvious value to pause to collect even the data of what now seems to have been a minor industry. The penalty is the undoubted loss of many specimens, the pitiful rarity of others. "America on Stone" is welcome not only for itself, as a record, but because its circulation will be the means of saving many of the prints from destruction.

The illustrations, arranged in groups throughout the book, are for the most part handsomely reproduced by the Similetone process. The black and whites are sharp and clear; those in full color seem, without direct comparison, to be faithful to the original prints. Union Pacific Railroad (Plate 61) is a muddy exception; either something slipped in reproduction or a poor example appears illustrated because of its being "the only copy known." Many of the prints illustrated have distinct artistic merit.

The text is chatty and anecdotal rather than literary. The research was necessarily enormous, and Mr. Peters acknowledges his indebtedness to an imposing array of names. Among them we are glad to see that of Louis Maurer, who has passed his hundredth birthday with an interest in these lithographs which has not waned since he himself worked at creating them. Mr. Peters is to be commended not alone for his skill and labor in assembling this vast data, but for his graciousness in paying tribute to an accomplished living artist.

The Russia That Is Gone

UPHEAVAL. By OLGA VORONOFF. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $3.

MME. OLGA VORONOFF, born Countess Kleinmichel, wife of a young Russian naval officer who served on the Czar's yacht for several years immediately preceding the Revolution, and herself one of the Maids of Honor to their Imperial Majesties, the Empress Alexandra and the Dowager Empress Marie, would appear to be one of those of whom their near relatives say, "She writes such *good* letters!"

The adjective, as used in this connection, has a special meaning. It has little to do with writing, as such, and less with "literariness." The letters may be innocent of clever phrasing, of illuminating generalizations, of sensitiveness to atmosphere, even. They stick, as a rule, to little things and the concrete, to the straight sequence of events, but they tell you, as Aunt Ella would say of the always welcome missives of Cousin Fanny, "the things you want to know."

Such letters, generally written by women, imply certain qualities on the part of their authors—a simple directness, affection, a loyalty, as steadfast as it is instinctive, to the fundamentals of home and country, of the faith one was brought up in, of family and friends; the sort of women children would choose for their mothers, if they had any choice, and men, supposed to have some choice in such matters, might be expected to select, as the phrase goes, for their wives.

After the millions of words, letters, memoirs, impressions, and what not, some of them excellent, which have been written round and about the Russian Revolution, Mme. Voronoff's simple and unaffected narrative is less interesting, perhaps, for what it says than for what it implies, less valuable for any novel lights cast on the Revolution than for what it reveals of Russian character itself. The social and political faults of the old Russian régime—the most fatal of which was that of having been born into the modern world several centuries late—have been exposed at length. Mme. Voronoff makes no attempt to discuss them here any more than she does to discuss the theories or realities of the new order. What we do get, however, is the picture, as definite as it is unconscious, of a not untypical representative of that old régime; of a Russian lady, of her deep religious feeling and steadfast loyalties; her frankness, humor, tolerance, and lack of pretense; of that warm-heartedness without sentimentality, which is a trait perhaps peculiarly Russian.

Mme. Voronoff's childhood, of which she writes with a warmth and charm always less easy to bestow, in such narratives, on the tangle of events closer to one's present, was that of many other little girls and boys in one of those old-fashioned, patriarchal, upper-class Russian families. The family itself, with its troops of tutors, governesses, and humbler retainers; the great house at Potchep, with its more than a hundred rooms, and later "Ivnia," which the peasants not unnaturally spoke of as "the palace"; all the relatives and guests, the winters in Petersburg or Moscow and the springtime migrations to the country, all made a sort of little state, with its own interesting and spacious bustle and comings and goings.

For the youngsters, and for the oldsters, too, as a rule, in pre-war Russia, the country estate was the real home. And there was nothing in the West quite like these old Russian manor houses, with their mixture of elegance and rusticity, of the fifteenth and twentieth centuries; the great house, with its enclosing park and pond and peasants' village, swimming like a ship in the empty Russian plain; like a palace set down in the Kansas of two or three generations ago.

There is a touch of something more remote, for most Americans, than the eighteenth century in Mme. Voronoff's picture of the annual arrival at "Ivnia," with the four-horse spans, the two inside horses going "at a wide trot, the horses on either side galloping, carrying their necks arched and their heads gracefully turned to their own side of the road as had been the fashion in Russia for ages"; the mounted servants, carrying blazing torches, which met the family at the last hilltop, four miles from the house, and galloped beside them the rest of the way. Then came the sight of the lighted windows of the house itself, walled in by its black masses of trees, the Te Deum to give thanks for their safe arrival at the family church just opposite the house, and then the delighted rush up to the familiar bedrooms, the sound of crickets and the smell of fields and the country quiet as the little girl leaned out of the open window, and finally, after a long dinner, under old-fashioned candelabra, went to bed, with the tiny flame of the "lampada" burning dimly before the ikons in the corner of the big room.

Of this and much else in a happy family life, Mme. Voronoff writes, bringing her story down, about half way through the book, to her marriage in the fateful year, 1914. The Emperor and Empress and their children were present at the wedding, which took place in the Feodorovsky church at Tsarskoe Celo, and from this point on the royal family come into the story from time to time, but only as they touched Mme. Voronoff personally, like others who were members of her family, or her friends.

The subsequent story, with its glimpses of the Revolution, of dangerous life in the South of Russia, narrow escapes from arrest, tragi-comic rides on trains packed with soldiers, peasants, and all the extraordinary herd of uprooted humans which milled this way and that in the Russia of those days, while exciting, is similar to that of countless other refugees who clung to their country as long as they could. Mme. Voronoff and her husband finally escaped by way of Constantinople and found their way to the United States, where they now live. There is nothing startling in her picture of the upheaval; remarkable, however, under the circumstances, is the spirit in which it is told—the calmness and poise, the simple candor, the humor, resignation, and decent reticence which characterize the whole book.

Prelude to Tomorrow

THAT WAS YESTERDAY. By STORM JAMESON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

OUT of this long, wandering, and often irritating novel there grows one full-bodied and unforgettable character. Time and again in the reading there comes the wish that something could be done to the story to tidy it up a bit and knit it together. But in the end the way actually used comes to seem the best possible for the creation of the rough-edged, gangling personality of the heroine. Separate scenes appear to be overloaded with thoughtlessness and brutality, yet as one looks back over the whole they all fit in together and are no more impossible than the things that are happening every day around the corner. Miss Jameson evidently knew very well what she wanted to show before she started her work, and she had the courage to make use of a cumbersome and unappealing form because it fitted her need exactly.

"That Was Yesterday," despite the reminiscent suggestion of the title, is really a kind of prelude. Hervey Russell in this volume is taught to live by the same brutal method in which some people are taught to swim. Simply thrown into the water and left to nature. Hervey is not even free to stroke out for herself if she can. She is handicapped by having a famous grandmother who has made for herself, against all male competitors, a fortune and a reputation. Her mother has made a success of being a woman. She herself starts out, awkward, intense, and unconfident, painfully conscious of her difference. She marries, much too young, a selfish, arrogant man who knows no more about things in general than she does. Poverty helps trouble in at the door. Where Hervey flounders, generous and inept, her husband cheats a little with a practical slickness. Hervey can never see him quite as he is because such people scarcely exist for her.

And she is a trial to the husband in his turn. She does not even want to play his game, much less play it well. It is obvious that the marriage can never be a success, and yet Hervey stubbornly hangs on. Something deep and unconscious within her refuses to let go of her purely nominal protection against the world. Something dormant within her refuses to be hurried into being. It takes years of punishment to bring her to realize the simple fact that she must fend for herself.

With the opening of Hervey's eyes, the book closes. Her story, for which all this fumbling was a long preparation, will begin in the next volume. If Miss Jameson does not write it, she may quite appropriately be sued for breach of promise.

"Magnificent Muscles . . . only a Trace of Gray Matter"

A PLANNED SOCIETY by George Soule

"We have magnificent muscles in our great industrial plants, efficient arteries in our railroads and highways, sensitive nerves in our lines of communication. But we have only a trace of gray matter in our economic cranium."

This book deals with the central problem of our civilization. It assesses the current unrest and traces its sources to our chaotic social order. It shows how a new type of order may be achieved. Mr. Soule is an editor of "The New Republic" and the author of "The Useful Art of Economics."

At all Bookstores May 10 Probably $2.50

MACMILLAN

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

FIVE YEARS HARD. By Brigadier-General F. P. CROZIER. Cape-Ballou. 1932. $2.50.

General Crozier has written an extremely lively and interesting account of his experiences as a young officer, just after the Boer War, when he was engaged in the business of bringing the savage Hausa people of Nigeria under the ægis of the British Empire. His book has been severely criticized in England as one that should not have been written. The criticism is understandable, for there are passages, not to mention photographs, which are decidedly not for the squeamish. For instance, everybody realizes, if they give thought to the matter, that in savage warfare the killing of wounded is at times a necessary act of mercy; but it is none the less an unpleasant necessity to contemplate, and General Crozier tells his story with a soldierly bluntness that may be admirable but is possibly indiscreet. Nevertheless, this story is worth reading as an authentic account, told with humor and gusto, of men who served the Empire on its fringes, not for gain or glory but because it was their job, and who managed to enjoy life in the process.

NAKED FAQUIR. By ROBERT BERNAYS. Holt. 1932. $3.

The title of this book is drawn from a remark of Winston Churchill's about Mahatma Gandhi. The book is a patchwork of diary entries, newspaper despatches, private letters, and cursory remarks of an amiable newspaper correspondent who arrived for the first time in India at the end of 1930 and spent some five months there watching the hectic proceedings leading up to the Round Table Conference in London.

The book is all that could be expected under the circumstances. Those who yearn for travel books will find much that is to their taste, and they can omit the parts where the author gets a bit serious over the political situation. Those who want more light on Indian politics will find considerable material scattered through these pages, and they can omit the travel trivialities.

Sometimes this discrimination will require close attention. For example:

> But how can you stand by the safeguards and by complete independence at the same time? That is just the kind of dilemma into which Gandhi's extraordinary mind lands him. To him such a union of opposites seems simple and straightforward. To the Westerner it seems tortuous and rather dishonest.
>
> What enormous ears Gandhi has got. They stick up from his head like those of a rabbit.

After a large number of such penetrating observations, the author ventures the suggestion that Gandhi will go down to history, not as the "half naked faquir" of Mr. Churchill's imagination, but as one of the great men of the world in the class of Mahomet or St. Paul.

LETTER TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE. By *James Fenimore Cooper*. Columbia University Press for the Facsimile Text Society.
THOMAS MAYHEW. By *Lloyd M. Hare*. Appleton. $4.
GEORGE WASHINGTON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. By *Elvira L. Page*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. By *Adeline Adams*. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.
D. H. LAWRENCE. By *Anaïs Nin*. Paris: Titus. $2.

Fiction

THE KNIFE OF THE TIMES. By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press. 1932. $1.50.

In the eleven stories here collected, Dr. Williams displays the limited but consistently interesting range of his talent. It is only within the last few years that stories of this nature have stood a chance of publication, and it cannot be denied that they have their place in the literary scene. But they will satify very few people.

The author's training as a physician seems to have conditioned his work in the field of fiction. While he has attained a satisfying objectivity—nothing astonishes him, nothing shocks him, and he is consistently sympathetic—this very objectivity seems to have made for a certain coldness of approach that reduces these stories to the level of excellently finished "human interest" fiction. In only one story, "Old Doc Rivers," does he delve at all below the surface of human character, with "Mind and Body" and "A Descendant of Kings" missing fine opportunities of revelation and comprehension. The majority of these tales are merely anecdotal. It is as though Doctor Williams were to say, "Here's an interesting thing I recently heard of—it may interest you." Sometimes it does, but more frequently the reader is left hanging in mid-air at the end of the story, with nothing more to his credit than a queer episode or a casual incident that would have been just as instructive and no more important if it had happened to his next-door neighbor.

LET THE DAY PERISH. By SAUL PADOVER. Cape-Ballou. 1932. $2.

A dramatic, exclamatory novel, black and red with cruelties, brutalities, the deep agonies of families torn apart, terrible persistent tragedy of children whose environment through years is fear, attempted escape, revenge, taunts, insults, and devastating undernourishment. It deals with Galician Jews during the World War and through the pogrom period at the beginning of Poland's liberation—through the Cosack invasion, the terrified flight over miles and miles of mud and waste into Vienna, the years of constant fright back again in Poland, years of near-starvation, of practically no schooling for growing children, of continued and unabated hatred, ending in attempts, on the part of the Poles, at massacre.

The book is bitter, the author, according to the publisher, having experienced himself the almost unbelievable tragedies of the boy Paul, the main figure in his story. As a matter of fact it reads like autobiography, and as such might achieve a far better effect. As it is, it is too overwritten to do its own cause justice.

THE SURVIVORS. By FRANCIS H. SIBSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

This is a thriller of real power, on an ocean-wide hook-up. It has, too, all the naive and genial elements that are proper in its kind. Joan Archdale, lovely American heiress of good Confederate blood, is in a luxury cabin of the liner *General Longstreet*, travelling for solace after a disillusionment in men and cocktails. Commander Fennlake, navigator of H. M. S. *Maple Leaf*, crack 10,000 ton British cruiser, is on the bridge of his ship somewhere towards Bermuda. The year is 1936.

The *Maple Leaf* is out to check some variations in depth soundings that have been reported. Then the great convulsion happens. A submarine volcano throws up a new continent from the bottom of the sea. Both the *General Longstreet* and the *Maple Leaf* are caught, tossed in gulfs of horror, and stranded on the wild, barren crags of this "New Canada." By crude radio signals, the girl (helped by a loyal and self-sacrificing engineer) is able to make her dire situation known. Fennlake and Young Snotty, a midshipman, set out to rescue her. After gruesome toils, success; Anglo-American chivalry—and a good warm clinch.

Simple theme, aye, but this time it is done with huge vigor and persuasion. The description of the volcanic hurricane is superb; nautical details are gorgeously satisfying; there is a map and plenty of savory technical memoranda. This is the good old Rider Haggard sort of thing done to date, done brown and crisp and rich with gravy. And how this Mr. Sibson can write! There is really bewildering grandeur in his account of the *Maple Leaf's* battle with a crazed and somersaulting sea—and what price the girl and engineer locked in the liner's shaft-tunnel? If you have any appetite for romantic melodrama of the first rank, here is a dose of most generous anesthetic. It cracks and shivers with lightning and earthquake. Lay on, reader! We who have been thrilled salute you!

THE MONTH OF MAY. By JANE DASHWOOD. Century. 1932. $2.50.

This is a quiet novel, thoroughly English in feeling and setting, but it has an underlying strain of beauty that gives it life and a ring of sincerity that makes it noteworthy. It is, in brief, the story of Mary Willoughby, who refuses to run away and marry the man she loves because she feels that her aging parents need her at home. This is a theme with which we have scant sympathy, but the author tells her story so well that we feel that for Mary this was the right and only decision.

As a heroine, Mary is young and lovable, if at times a bit too much inclined to the blue stocking, but her philosophy harks back to an older day. Once she has accepted her sacrifice she finds her sadness colored by a serenity and an inward sort of joy that give no hint that she will end her days beset with the grim complexes most modern writers assign to frustrated women. This is a distinct relief and somehow makes us wonder whether Mary's experience with genuine self-sacrifice doesn't prove that happiness in many senses is not as elusive as we are apt to think.

The love story of Mary and Dick Harding is charmingly told, and the characters, especially Mary and her younger sister, Vivien, are sympathetically and cleverly sketched, but the other figures in the story are unable to sustain the light comedy roles allotted to them with any sense of reality. Though on the surface this is a fragile novel, a bit too laden with sentiment, or perhaps sentimentality, its merits are distinct and its easy charm and happy thoughtfulness will well repay the hour or so required to read it.

THE CHASTITY OF GLORIA BOYD. By *Donald Henderson Clarke*. Vanguard. $2.
IT HAPPENED ONE DAY. By *Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis*. Harpers. $2.
PARIS LOVE. By *Nina Wilcox Putnam*. Long & Smith. $2.
THE YOMAH—AND AFTER. By *"Shalimar" (F. C. Hendry)*. Holt. $2.
CLEVER CLAUDIA. By *Hugo Frederick Herfurth, Jr.* Washington, D. C.
YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT. By *Eddie Cantor* and *David Freedman*. Long & Smith. $1.
WOMEN ARE DEVILS. By *Nat. J. Ferber*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50 net.
CITY WISE. By *Micheline Keating*. Long & Smith. $2.
THE GOLDFISH BOWL. By *Mary C. McCall, Jr.* Little, Brown. $2.
THE GREAT DAY. By *Georgette Carneal*. Liveright. $2.50.
SANCTUARY. By *William Faulkner*. Modern Library. 95 cents.
DIANA LAUGHS. By *Florence Ryerson* and *Colin Clements*. Long & Smith. $2.

History

ROMAN BRITAIN. By R. G. *Collingwood*. Oxford University Press. $2.
THE REVOLT OF THE MACHINES. By *Romain Rolland*. Dragon Press. $1.50.
AMERICAN OPINION ON THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY. By *Howard R. Marraro*. Columbia University Press. $3.50.
FROM THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION, 1917. By *A. F. Ilyin-Geveosky*. International. $1.
THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION. By *Lawrence D. Stiefel*. Harvard University Press.
THE PEOPLE OF ANCIENT ISRAEL. By *Dorothy Mills*. Scribners. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

THE VANITY OF DOGMATIZING. By *Joseph Glanvill*. Columbia University Press for the Facsimile Text Society.
A MANUAL OF CHILDREN'S LIBRARIES. By *L. C. Berwick Sayers*. Scribners. $3.
A TREATISE OF COMMERCE. By *John Wheeler*. Columbia University Press for the Facsimile Text Society.
RESEARCHES IN MANICHÆISM. By *A. V. Williams Jackson*. Columbia University Press. $5.
THE HARNESS OF DEATH. By *W. Stanley Sykes*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE DOOM OF YOUTH. By *Wyndham Lewis*. McBride. $2.50 net.
NARRATIVE OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI FRONTIER: A Journal of the Santa Fe Expedition under Colonel Doniphan, by *Jack S. Robinson;* The Emigrants' Guide to California, by *Joseph E. Ware;* The Past and Present of the Pike's Peak Gold Regions, by *Henry Villard;* Route across the Rocky Mountains, by *Overton Johnson* and *William H. Winter*. Princeton University Press. 4 vols.
OLD WINE AND NEW. By *Warwick Deeping*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
NEWS REAL. By *Robert J. Casey*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
"THE WHITE BIRD" and Other Poems. By *Gertrude Bartlett*. Macmillan. $1.50.
PORTRAIT OF A PALADIN. By *Vicente Huidobro*. Liveright. $2.50.
THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT. By *George Worts*. Cape-Ballou. $2.
NINE WOMEN. By *Halina Sokolnikova*. Cape-Ballou. $3.
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS. By *Hartley Withers*. Cape-Ballou. $3.
WHY MARRIAGE? By *S. L. Katzoff, M.D.* San Francisco: Institute of Domestic Relations.
THE THEATRE ON THE FRONTIER. By *W. G. B. Carson*. University of Chicago Press. $3.
THE CHILD AND PLAY. By *James Edward Rogers*. Century. $2.
DEATH VALLEY MEN. By *Bourke Lee*. Macmillan. $3.
WHITE HOUSE BLUES. By *Felix Ray*. Vanguard. $1.50.
A FORECAST OF BETTER TIMES. By *Roger W. Babson*. Revell.
FOOL AND FOLLY. By *Barbara Swain*. Columbia University Press. $3.
DECADE IN BLUE. By *Sid Fuller*. Stratford. $2.
PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC UTILITIES. By *Eliot Jones* and *Truman C. Bigham*. Macmillan.
THE TWELFTH HOUR OF CAPITALISM. By *Kuno Renatus*. Knopf. $2.50.
FIGHTING MEN OF THE WEST. By *Dane Coolidge*. Dutton. $3.75.
THERE ARE NUMBERLESS STEPS. Illustrations by *Edwin Kaufman* and *Kalman Kubinyi*. Cleveland, O.
WHERE THE WORLD FOLDS UP AT NIGHT. By *Dixie Willson*. Appleton. $2.50.
THE SEXUAL SIDE OF MARRIAGE. By *M. J. Exner*. Norton. $2.50.
SONGS BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By *Mary Dixon Thayer*. Macmillan. $1.25.
GLIGLOIS. Edited by *Charles H. Livingston*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.
THE HORROR OF IT. By *Frederick A. Barber*. Brewer, Warren & Cuthbert.
HARLAN MINERS SPEAK. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
THE CHURCH AND ENGLISH LIFE. By *Bertram Pollock*. Longmans, Green.
THE COMEDY OF HUMAN PHILOSOPHY. By *M. Leon*. Stratford. $2.
OXFORD COLLEGES. Oxford: Blackwell.
THE ADMINISTRATIVE CONTROL OF ALIENS. By *William C. Van Vlech*. New York: Commonwealth Fund. $3.
PATHWAYS BACK TO PROSPERITY. By *Charles Whiting Baker*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.50.
WASHINGTON SKETCH BOOK. By *J. Frederick* and *Helen Essary*. Washington, D. C.: Ransdell.
THOUGHTS UPON HUNTING. By *Peter Beckford*. Cape & Ballou. $5.
EXPERT MISBIDDING! By *Madeline Kerwin* and *B. Russell Herts*. Covici-Friede. $1.
FLY FOR NEWS. By *Larry Rue*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

He speaks with pity and understanding, *for those who cannot speak for themselves...*

AMBER SATYR is the story of a great, simple, bronze giant whom fate and an avid woman force to a tragic destiny. It is vital, direct, timeless—a novel which might have been written by a young de Maupassant—a book which the publishers feel is going to help create a new American style.

AMBER SATYR
by ROY FLANNAGAN

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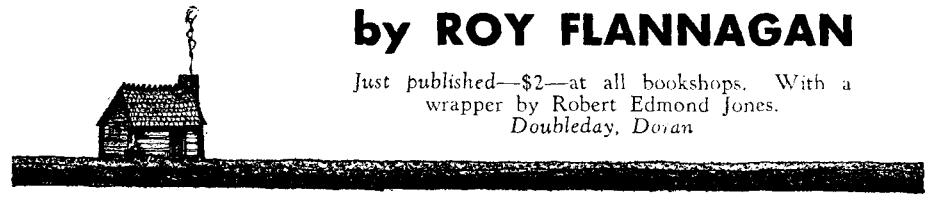

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The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

PSYCHOLOGICAL RACKETEERS. By DOROTHY HAZELTINE YATES. Boston: Badger. 1932. $2.

In a mild manner Dr. Yates shows the difference between the academic psychologists and the racketeer who, untrained in all but salesmanship, stands ready to cure the world of its ills both physical and financial. There is not the faintest hint of the author having any inclination to be a reformer, and consequently the book is easy to read and interesting throughout.

So-called "applied psychology" which is peddled in the country's towns, cities, and hamlets is shown to consist of an insoluble mixture of psychological half truths, astrology, numerology, big words of which the lexicographers never heard, Swami ideas, and pure bunk. The self-titled psychologists who give "vocational analyses" and "character readings" are shown to be possessed of an agreeable manner and the ability to talk, but are without education except that a large number received some education in prison schools. When it is understood that charlatans give this counterfeit psychological advice, "no thoughtful person could suppose its effects to be anything but largely injurious."

Various "schools" of psychology claim they grant a power so that one can get, or do, anything whatsoever; and a cure for all ills, "for he who has strengthened and purified his thought need not concern himself about microbes." All this goes on while "important principles of scientific psychology" are "awaiting much needed publicity."

The study made by Dr. Yates is well worth while, for it bares the racket of conscienceless frauds who hold such great power in the average town throughout America, and the book shows how to recognize them and their work.

Religion

THE HIDDEN YEARS. By *John Oxenham*. Longmans, Green. $3.

THE DAWN-BREAKERS. Translated from the Persian and edited by *Shoghi Effendi*. New York: Bahá'í Publishing Committee.

Travel

MY JUNGLE BOOK. By HERBERT S. DICKEY. Little, Brown. 1932. $3.50.

Dr. Dickey begins his book with a mordant and amusing account of the racket as now employed by alleged explorers. The racketeer first acquires the letters "F.R.G.S." and "F.R.A.I." After acquiring these combinations of letters the alleged explorer begins his "build-up". This is generally done through certain well-known publicity experts, who charge from twenty to forty per cent, not only of the funds raised but also of the profits acquired, by lectures, books, radio, and motion-pictures. Finally the expedition starts, financed by the wealthy patron and under the auspices of a museum, and Mr. Gobou and his publicity expert drag down between them a couple of hundred thousand dollars from the sale of lectures, motion-pictures, and ghost-written articles and books.

Dr. Dickey, who discovered the sources of the Orinoco River, the second largest in the world, on his fifth attempt, is an explorer of a different type. Like Stefansson, he believes that there should be no adventuring on a well-conducted expedition. Yet he writes of seeing black parrots and miniature ducks as yet unclassified in ornithology, and he relates one adventure had by a friend of his with a crocodile which for stark horror and courage surpasses anything ever imagined by any of the South American nature-fakers.

The book tells modestly and simply the story of a great discovery, and gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of conditions in Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador.

It should be in the libraries of all those who are interested in South America or in stories of real achievement.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Another war record horrifying in its intensity is the *1914 . . . ?* of Arthur Stadler published by N. V. Servire, the Hague, Holland, in a series of drawings powerfully satiric and terrible in their brutal reality. A history of the war is written in carnage, and starvation, and rape, and satire, and in bitter sarcasm. The captions of this Dutch publication are in five languages including English. * * * Destruction gives place to construction in the varied career of Dr. Ellwood Worcester, called *Life's Adventure* (Scribner's. $3). Every one knows of Dr. Worcester's distinguished work in religion and curative science at the Emanuel Church, but readers will be surprised to learn that Dr. Worcester has been big game hunter, fisherman, and searcher of pearls, and in this book they will find a well-written account of an extraordinary life with interesting contacts described and a vigorous philosophy. * * * In sharp contrast is *Bet-A-Million-Gates; The Story of a Plunger,* by Robert Irving Washow (Greenberg. $3). This is the story of a great speculator and his long struggle with the elder Morgan which ended in his defeat. * * * Another biographical study of special interest is the *Jason Lee: Prophet of the New Oregon,* by Cornelius J. Brosnan (Macmillan. $3). He was the first missionary to enter the Oregon country two years before the Whitman expedition and the founder of Oregon's first permanent American settlement. * * * Frank Shay's *Incredible Pizarro* (Mohawk Press. $3.50) is a popular history of the Conquistador. * * * In 1919 Lewis Piaget Shanks published what was regarded as the most satisfactory biography of Anatole France in English, *Anatole France: The Mind and the Man.* He has now brought his book up to date, using the record of the later years of France and the many works that have been published about him since his death. It remains probably the best reference book in English for the life and environment of the great French man of letters (Harper. $2.50). * * * An important work in the history of law is Louis Boudin's *Government by Judiciary* (New York: William Godwin, 2 vols. $10), a critical history of the United States Supreme Court which "concerns itself especially with the assumed power of the Supreme Court to declare the Acts of the Congress or the several State Legislatures unconstitutional." "The conclusions reached," say the publishers, "are daring, though thoroughly considered, and must be of vital interest and significance." * * * The Dial Press has added to its *Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe* a volume containing "all the non-dramatic verse that can with reasonable certainty be attributed to Marlowe," including "Hero and Leander" and "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" ($4). * * * The fourth volume of Hilaire Belloc's *History of England,* which covers the period 1525-1612 is particularly interesting because his Catholic point of view of the English Reformation and the suppression of monasteries leads to a vigorous discussion of this familiar period from an angle not so familiar to English and American readers as it should be. He may be biased, but he is certainly lucid and in many of his charges Protestant historians now amply support him (Putnam. $4). It may be remembered that his first volume on early Anglo-Saxon England was rich in suggestive if unorthodox theories. * * * Another English book just appearing is the *Portraits* of that distinguished literary critic, Desmond MacCarthy. These essay studies of Voltaire, Trollope, Ruskin, Meredith, Henry James, Conrad, Asquith, and others, appeared most of them in his magazine, *Life and Letters,* which unfortunately has recently had to suspend. Some were also published in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* There is no sounder critic now writing in English than MacCarthy (Macmillan. $2.50). * * * A little book which will be of value to libraries and to students of literature is Walter A. Berendsohn's *Selma Lagerlöf: Her Life and Work,* translated from the German (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50). Both biographical facts and literary information are included in this book which is illustrated with pictures of the home country whose legends she has erected into the great novels. * * * Pictures would seem to be the leading attractions of *Newsreel Man,* by Charles Peden (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50), but the text which describes the wild race over the world of newsreel men trying to catch up with the latest event anywhere and anyhow is very good reading.

Two books of interest in the college world: First and most important, a two-volume *History of Dartmouth College,* by Leon Burr Richardson (Dartmouth College Publications. $7.50). The history of the college is detailed from its most interesting beginning when not only problems of a frontier settlement but also questions of Indian education (for which the college was first founded) were involved. An interesting and important section deals with the famous Dartmouth case in which the history of Webster's famous trial before the Supreme Court is gone into very thoroughly, with the inside story of how success was won. * * * Next is *The College Library,* by William M. Randall (University of Chicago Press. $2.50). This is a descriptive study of the libraries in four-year liberal arts colleges in the United States and is intended to help the college librarian to judge of the balance and competence of his own library. * * * An authoritative book on *Hindenburg,* by Gerhard Schultze-Pfälzer (Putnam. $5) has just been translated. It contains all the facts of his life and should be a good reference book for libraries. * * * Of a different character is *Russia's Decisive Year,* by Ellery Walter (Putnam). This is a good example of the skilful journalistic studies of contemporary Russia which competent visitors have been sending back in rapid succession in the last year or two. It is, like most of the books, chiefly a study of industrial progress and social adjustment to that progress. Books like this have necessarily a short life, but they are useful in keeping pace with the rapid Russian changes. * * * Readers of T. Swann Harding's *Fads, Frauds, and Physicians* and *The Degradation of Science* will find in his *The Joy of Ignorance* (New York: William Godwin. $3) another collection of brief articles exposing errors which are sometimes vulgar but frequently commercialized. * * * *10,000 Leagues Over the Sea,* by William Albert Robinson (Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $3.50) is exactly what its title sounds like, an intelligent story of a lengthy voyage in a small boat, the most interesting laps being in the South Seas. It is a readable book of a familiar kind.

In the introduction to a charming little volume entitled *The Traveller's Companion* (Century. 1932. $2.50 net) which Paul and Millicent Bloomfield have compiled, and into which they have tucked away piquant quotations from a variety of authors on a variety of countries, the editiors say: "Travelling is not really an art by itself. It may be an aspect of the 'Art of Life,' as practised by men and women with that most precious of gifts, or charming of accomplishments, or whatever it is: *savoir vivre*—not in the little, mundane, sense, but in the large individual one." The accuracy of their definition is most admirably exemplified in *Crusade for the Anemone* (Macmillan. 1932. $2), in which the Princess Marthe Bibesco has presented five letters dispatched by her to her friends during the course of her journeyings in the Holy Land. Together they constitute a record of delightful quality, drawing their charm not from any detail of incident but from the rich context of their author's personality. They embody the reactions of a quick and vivid soul, a mind well stored and reflective, and an imagination that invests the obvious with rich implications. The book stands out by reason of a delicate literary art as well as for its warm human sympathy. * * * Following along the traditional path of the travel book that is an elaboration of the more severely Baedeker-like type of manual is W. T. Palmer's *The English Lakes* (Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $3 net). This is a fairly detailed account of the region made famous by Wordsworth, containing considerable precise topographical information together with accompanying literary and historical comment. It is a useful book for the traveller who has a tour to the English Lakes in prospect or as a *vade mecum* for the journey. * * * Similar in character to it, though written with more informality, and introducing more personalities into its narrative, is Regina Jais's *Legendary France* (Dial. 1931. $2.50), a description of Carcassonne and the Basque country. A book doing for the Western United States what these volumes do for England and France is Robert Frothingham's *Trails through the Golden West* McBride. 1932. $3.50 net), a lively volume, presenting description, anecdote, and enthusiasm all blended into a portrayal sufficiently detailed to afford the traveller both guidance and entertainment.

George Macaulay Trevelyan in publishing the life of his father, *George Otto Trevelyan* (Longmans, Green, 1932. $4), has produced in a way a model work. He has presented a well-rounded, animated, and balanced portrayal of a personality that was lovable and interesting and a career that lacked exciting episode but was filled with vivid intellectual activity. Incidentally this memoir of Macaulay's nephew who won distinction with his life of his uncle and his history of the American Revolution is interesting as reflecting the urbanity and serenity of Victorian days, and for the sidelights it contains on persons of importance * * * Worlds apart from the sort of life it depicts is that portrayed in Richard O. Boyer's study of a contemporary American, *Max Steuer* (Greenberg. 1932. $2.50). Mr. Boyer's method of writing biography is as different from that of M. Trevelyan as his subject is from that of the latter. Whereas Mr. Trevelyan, writing of one to whom he is bound by the closest ties of affection is able to maintain a steady detachment. Mr. Boyer writes as a showman who would dazzle his public with the figure he is presenting. Though he sets forth the facts which have often brought criticism down on Mr. Steuer, he yet manages always to write of his hero as a glamorous personality. Glamour also invests the figure of *Martha Berry* (Putnam. 1932. $3.50) of whose work among the poor whites of Georgia Tracy Byers presents a picture that justifies the encomiums which have been expended upon her Presidents Roosevelt and Coolidge. Mr. Byers's biography is a simply told tale, but in its presentation of a personality of rare force and charm, and its account of the remarkable work that from its beginning in Bible stories told to three little ragamuffins has grown to the important Berry schools of the present, it is a book of vivid interest * * * The tale of a Southern woman, but of one whose life was passed among the rich and prominent instead of among the lowly, Adèle le Bourgeois Chapin's *"Their Trackless Way"* (Holt. 1932. $3), which Christina Chapin has edited, covers a long stretch of years and changing scenes. Mrs. Chapin, who came of an old Louisiana family, and whose early girlhood was spent on a sugar plantation, married a New Englander, Robert Chapin, whose work took him to different American cities, to South Africa, and to Europe. Everywhere the Chapins met the prominent of the land, and everywhere apparently made fast friends among them. Mrs. Chapin's record of her experiences presents from a different angle the life of a woman of wealth and charm during the same period which has lately had such animated treatment by Mrs. Foraker and Mrs. Wolcott. That her book is so much less interesting than theirs is in large part due to its almost complete lack of literary skill.

You'll find you can't put down

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S

brilliantly human story of the encounters of the financial adventurer who is

A Modern Hero

with Joanna Ryan, Big Clara Weingartner (The Fireman's Delight), Leah Ernst, "who was kept from time to time," and others. At your bookshop, $2.50. (Limited, autographed edition, 250 copies, boxed, $7.50). *By the author of "24 Hours," etc.* *(A full-length Novel.)* **STOKES, *Publishers*, N. Y.**

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

J. W. M., New York, asks if there is in print a popular book dealing with the history of the Supreme Court or with its foremost justices.

"THE Supreme Court of the United States, Its Foundations, Methods and Achievements: An Interpretation," by Charles Evans Hughes (Columbia University Press), is an untechnical account for the general reader widely read. This appeared in 1928; the year before was published a larger work, "The Business of the Supreme Court of the United States: A Study in the Federal Judicial System," by Felix Frankfurter and J. M. Landis (Macmillan). Charles Warren's "The Supreme Court in United States History" (Little, Brown) received the Pulitzer Prize in 1922 for the best book on United States history; it is a work of high importance now in a revised edition, two volumes octavo. The same author's "Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court" (Little, Brown) is a briefer work giving historic origins of the powers of the Court; his "The Supreme Court and Sovereign States" (Princeton University Press) shows its part in the development of the Union. Charles A. Beard's "The Supreme Court and the Constitution" (Macmillan) is a little book that though published in 1912 is still in print: in this year was also published Gustavus Myer's "History of the Supreme Court of the United States" (Kerr). "The American Supreme Court as an International Tribunal," by H. A. Smith, is published by the Oxford University Press.

Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" (Houghton Mifflin) leads biographies of famous judges; the Vanguard Press has lately published a biography of Justice Holmes, following its "Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" and "Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes"; in the set with these is "Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis." All books on this list are for the general reader—that is, they mean to supply information in exact language readily understood by the layman, about the august body that may describe itself, according to my memory of "Of Thee I Sing," as

We have powers that are positively regal,
We alone can take a law and make it legal.

D. W., Osaka, Japan, finds, in a work on linguistics, references to a family of languages including Munda, Khassi, Mon, Nicobarese, and Bakai, and would like dictionaries or grammars of these. The "Linguistic Survey of India," published by the Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, Calcutta, in thirteen volumes between 1903 and 1928, provides an introductory sketch, a bibliography, and a brief account of the grammar of each language included, with a comparative vocabulary in the first volume—one of the features in which this inquirer is especially interested. One volume is for the Mon-Khmer and Siamese-Chinese families including Khassi and Tai, another for Munda and Dravidian languages. These are also treated in Brian H. Hodgson's "Miscellaneous Essays Relating to Indian Subjects" (Truebner, 1880) and in the "Comparative Grammar of the Languages of Further India," by Smith-Forbes (Allen, 1881) and "Languages of China before the Chinese" of Terrien de Lacouperie (Nutt, 1887). "A Mon-English Dictionary," by R. Halliday, was published by the Siam Society, Bangkok, 1922, and Haswell's "Grammatical Notes and Vocabulary of the Peguan Language" (just to make it harder, it appears that Mon is also Peguan) in Rangoon by the American Baptist Mission Press in 1901. "The Andaman and Nicobar Islands," published by the Superintendant of Government Printing, Calcutta, has a Nicobarese vocabulary. "Pilgrim's Progress" was translated into Khassi and published by Lloyd of Liverpool in the 'seventies, and in case all this has stimulated an interest in the matter, the title is *Ka jingleit ka jong uba u nongleit rinblei*, which somehow doesn't sound convincing.

Printing all this is the purest swank on my part; I am replying anyway by mail. But D. W. said "I proceed on the assumption that there isn't anything which is 'out of your line,'" and this come-back is *pour encourager les autres*. So bring on your Dravidian dialects and they will be attended to as long as the Congressional Library and one or two other reservoirs of learning hold out.

CONTINUING the foreign language section, H. T. G., St. Louis, Mo., who is going to France, asks for books to be read in preparation for the journey, like those lately published here, but in French. There are several text-books for preparatory schools in which language instruction takes the form of a tour of France, but this inquirer already reads French well and is going abroad mainly to improve facility in speaking. My own advice would be too specialized; I read Huysmann's "La Cathédrale" on the way over one year, promptly changed my vacation plans, and spent heavenly days going in, around, and over Chartres with this as the best possible guide, and in like manner I have found charms in the Paris books of George Cain, strongly recommended to me by natives. But the opinions of Mr. E. Eisele of the B. Westermann Co. are more valuable: I have been asking them on one thing and another for this long while. He suggests the series by André Hallays, "A travers la France," a collection of historical essays, three volumes devoted to Paris and its surroundings, one volume each about Alsace, La Provence, La Touraine, Brittany, and Burgundy. Of like character are George Lenôtre's books about "Vieilles Maisons" and about French Revolutionary scenes and localities, in which he gives a vivid picture of the historical background of all places mentioned. Rodin's "Les Cathédrales de France" gives a beautiful and artistic description of the French cathedrals. Pierre de Nolhac wrote a series on Versailles showing it at different phases of its history, six volumes, whose style has a strong popular appeal. The Paris books of George Cain are "Promenades de Paris," "Pierres de Paris," and "Coins de Paris," as well as "Tableaux de Paris." An interesting book in general is Emile Saillens's "Toute la France: "Sa Terre, Son Peuple, Ses Travaux, les Œuvres de Son Génie" which is richly illustrated.

"HOW," *asks L. A. B., Columbus, Ind., does one pronounce 'The Ring of the Lowenskolds?'"* As nearly as I can get it, Lervenshalds. That is, the first o is as if it had the German *umlaut;* the second sounds as if an a with one dot over it would come the closest to representing the effect. It reminds one that *ski* is really *she.*

Several correspondents added to the Africa list "Jungles Preferred," by Janet Miller, which *E. E. L., Cleveland, Public Library,* calls "the most delightful of all the books that have appeared on that country. The author is a woman physician of standing who spent three years at a mission in the heart of the 'hunger country,' but there was no pose about her work of relieving suffering as far as she could, no missionary atmosphere in the book, but instead a constant delightful fund of humor. Every anecdote is entertaining, from the operation on the eye of a jungle king to the dispatching of the boa who couldn't get back through the hole in the fence because he was so full of their goat. Save it for a time when you need to be cheered—if you ever do—or read it any time, it's too good to be kept waiting!"

N. I. B., Petoskey, Mich., says that so much interest has been there aroused in Mrs. Browning by "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" that the local Reader's Club wishes to buy a copy of the most satisfactory life of Mrs. Browning and present it to the city library, where there is a lack of such material. All things considered, I think that the one for this purpose is Louise Schutz Boas's "Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (Longman's). This involves some discussion of the respective powers and scope of the two poets as well as the story of their lives.

FOR D. H. B., a correspondent, says, "One little Bible student, also a daughter, treasures a copy of the 'Palestine Pictorial Bible,' morocco, gold-tooled; illustrations are in color from paintings done in Palestine by H. A. Harper. Henry Frowde: Oxford University Press, or 15 Strand, London."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

—Quite possibly the Book of the Year

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing

By WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

THE BOOK OF WHICH HEYWOOD BROUN SAYS:

"Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—twenty-five hundred men, doing their twenty thousand years of time—that was the amazing image which started Warden Lewis E. Lawes on his patient probe into his job, himself, you and me and the needs and uses of all those years. It resulted in a book of which it would be hard to think too highly. In fact, it combines two virtues which almost never keep each other company: it is so wise that it should be read, and so interesting that it inevitably will be.

"Nobody will be able to read it without becoming substantially more civilized than he was before, and nobody will be able to put it down till he has finished it."

The Book-of-the-Month Club Choice for May . . . $3.00

RAY LONG & RICHARD R. SMITH

THIS IS MY FAVORITE PICTURE, said P. E. G. Quercus. It shows a hesitating patron, allured by 3½ fiscal mermaids (3 Dollar-mermaids and one gay little 50-cent mermaid). Almost without pain he Crosses the Dotted Line—and is hailed by the Ancient Mariners of Literature.

Obviously you read the **Saturday Review** yourself—but perhaps you have a friend who doesn't know the paper; for whom it would be an excellent hebdomadal hierophant—or a Graduation, Birthday or Vacation Present.

Old Quercus, amateur Envelope Stuffer for **The Saturday Review,** is unskilful at cajolery. How, he murmurs to himself, can I describe this paper? It is a weekly commentary on Books and the hopes, fears and intuitions that create books. It is edited by a distinguished staff of whom Old Quercus is bashfully in awe.

Henry Seidel Canby's editorial each week is a crisp capsule of doctrine.

William Rose Benet's **Phoenix Nest** hatches many a crackling egg of humor and controversy.

Christopher Morley's **Bowling Green** is always unpredictable: his current feature, a spectrum of the Unknown Citizen, ranges through all colors of human temperament, from infra-red to ultra-violet.

May Lamberton Becker's ecumenical Reader's Guide answers questions on all sorts of reading; there's a department specially for Collectors of rare editions; and the new books in all fields are reviewed by experts, without hokum or hooey.

When the **Saturday Review** makes mistakes, as it frequently does, its columns are always open for correction and argument.

This doesn't sound so very eloquent, said Old Quercus to himself. But **The Saturday Review** is a journal intended for those who are not susceptible to the Loud Tallyho.—According to statistics only 8.65% of the readers of a memo like this are conditioned to Act. . . . But heavens, cried Old Quercus, are we not something more than mere statisticians?

A great many people (he concluded) have never heard, and never will hear, of **The Saturday Review.** It's not on sale at all news-stands. Its readers are not so very numerous, but they are a most agreeably civilized kind of people. Hopefully yours,

P.E.G.Q.

STEADY NOW, HERE'S THE DOTTED LINE

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City
Attention P. E. G. Q.
DEAR QUERCUS:

Don't be so apologetic! I quite enjoyed your memo. The Saturday Review would be Perfect Aestivation for Summer Reading. I enclose my check for $3.50, Gold Standard. Send the paper to

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

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Points of View

A Mark Twain Retort

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The controversy over Mark Twain's psyche, in which debate Mr. Carpenter and Mr. De Voto have been indulging so entertainingly in abstractions, has sent me to *my* reliquary file to resurrect a document which may be interesting to your readers as well as to the debaters. The exhibit cannot, perhaps, be entered as proof for either side in the case now before the court, but it has the merit of being concrete. My offering is a letter from Mark Twain himself, which not only presents his credo as a fictitionist, but will revive memories of an amusing episode in the literary history of the Gay 'Nineties.

I was involved in the comedy along with several other youthful reviewers of the period, but upon me for some reason I have never been able to fathom, the blow fell. It was so personal a spanking that Mr. Clemens marked it "private," and of course I never published his letter, although I wanted to. It is, however, so curious a contribution to literary Americana that I see no reason for not publishing it now.

The incident occurred in 1902. Mark Twain had written and Harpers published, first in serial and then in book form, his "Doublebarrelled Detective Story." I was working on the staff of the *Post Express*, in Rochester, N. Y., then a highly respectable afternoon daily and now owned by Mr. Hearst. My chief job was police reporting. Our literary editor's was turning out a daily column chastely headed "Causerie." That alone would date us. But he and I played a stand-off game of poker on Saturday afternoons, as the world now knows all columnists are expected to do weekly, and I must have earned his respect. Anyway, he let me do book reviewing for his Saturday literary page, and "A Doublebarrelled Detective Story" fell my way.

You may remember even now its pivotal point. It is the effect of prenatal influence on adult behavior. A pregnant woman is tied up to a post and dogs are set on her. She escapes, gives birth to her child, and from that the story proceeds to evolve, and eventually to solve, through the hunting instinct with which the harrowing experience had endowed her offspring, a mystery which had baffled the best minds of the day. That is the gist of the story as I remember it. But having been brought up on Mark Twain, I hadn't got far into it before I suspected that Mark Twain was up to his familiar tricks. Then came a passage that convinced me he was. The passage occurs in the early part of the book, and describes, as part of a lush and purple painting of summer scenery, "innumerable deciduous flowers" and "in the empty sky a solitary œsaphagus sleeping upon motionless wing."

The prenatal influence theory and the innumerable deciduous flowers I let pass, but the solitary œsaphagus in the empty sky was my meat. I joined with a whoop the pack that went baying joyfully after Mark. The *Springfield Republican* and the New York *Tribune*, I remember, let the œsaphagus alone, and concentrated on the hound hero. We had a good time, and the uproar lasted for at least six months. It was the literary sensation of the year, and I remember that prenatal influence was as hot a topic for dinner table discussion as Freud used to be in the 'twenties.

But a few days after my review was published the managing editor handed me a letter. To my astonishment it was from Samuel L. Clemens. He asked for the name of the reviewer because, he said, he thought the latter needed some attention. So with managerial permission, I wrote Mr. Clemens that I was indeed the guilty party. His answer was prompt. I have the letter before me now. He used mourning stationery, and in his fine script proceeded to tell me where I got off for three full pages, not on the text of my review, which had been the œsaphagus, but on the prenatal theory, which I had barely mentioned. But in the course of my punishment, Mark Twain recorded his philosophy of fiction, and his opinion of critical omniscience. The letter follows:

"Riverdale-on-Hudson,
"Monday
"Dear Mr. Olds,

"Between you and me I was also expecting to catch the wise asleep—and it came out just so. In this connection I have your scalp, the *Springfield's Republican's* and the N. Y. *Tribune's*. You all plunge right ahead in the dead-certain way of the wary and deep old hand who never protects himself by inquiring into things before he commits himself, but knows all about it just by native penetration and inspiration—and in the present case I reap the profit, such as it is. The "tragic incident" didn't fool you old experts, oh, not in the least little bit! Oh no, you-all (*sic*) know how to tell invention from fact at a glance, you wise, wise people. Your complacent serenities who are always forgetting to remember that a fictitionist *can't* invent a situation (of a *possible* sort) & get in ahead of history with it. Actual history has always arrived with it by a previous train. You will be obliged to allow that any 'tragic incident' *could happen*. Very well; as soon as you have recognized that and conceded it, you are on unsafe ground—*more* than unsafe! —if you venture to pay it the compliment of being an invention.

"There was one truth in my story, & that was the 'tragic incident.' I took nothing from the facts and added nothing to them. 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' In what way? In this: That where it comes to the contriving of extravagances & apparent impossibilities Fiction is n't 'in it' with fact.

"I know that I am communicating the very ABC of knowledge, but Bless you, Sir, you *need* it, you see! Now I charge you to beware, I beseech you to beware, of the ostensible extravagant 'inventions.' Discount its claims, for if it is a thing which *could* happen, it has none; it has already *happened*, in real life.

Sincerely yours,
S. L. Clemens."

The letter is thoroughly Mark Twain, but for all that it has puzzled me a little. He probably intended that it should, for there is no doubt that he at least began "A Doublebarrelled Detective Story" as a burlesque on the Conan Doyle school of mystery fiction then reveling in the best seller lists. The uproar he had started, however, was pretty terrific at the date of his letter to me, and in those days publishers' publicity was, like the headings of newspaper columns, considerably chaster than at present. So in spite of the Mark Twain touch in evading the œsaphagus issue, or perhaps because of it, the letter has seemed to me to be an apologia as much as a counter attack delivered with all his old time élan. I am inclined to think that his tongue was in his cheek, but not far.

To the literary psychiatrists, however, his letter may have a deep and hidden meaning. If so, I shall rest content in having contributed my mite to a discussion which, if Mark Twain himself was fooled in his negation of a hereafter, must make the veteran humorist smile a little.

NATHANIEL S. OLDS.

Matthew Prior

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I shall greatly appreciate any help which the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* can give me in discovering the present location of "The Original Accounts of the Executors of Matthew Prior." These consist of a collection of manuscripts by Lord Harley and "Adrian Drift" in regard to the poet's estate. Included in the series are Prior's will, the description of his funeral, inventories and evaluations of all his possessions with statements of their disposal, Prior's account at the time of his death and their settlement, and letters between the two executors. The period covered is 1721-1729.

When last heard of, these manuscripts were bound in two large folio volumes. The one containing the earlier accounts had over 400 pages and was bound in vellum. The later documents, originally collected in four volumes, had been put together in calf covers.

Sir Thomas Phillipps bought these manuscripts from Henry G. Bohn in 1841, and they were part of his famous collection until sold at Sotheby's in 1896. They were then purchased by a bookseller named Gray, since dead. I do not know what became of them after that.

This Mr. Gray was probably Henry Gray, bookseller and genealogist, at that time trading from Piccadilly and later from Acton. I shall be glad to receive information concerning him or the disposal of his stock which may aid me in locating the records of Prior's executors. I know that Gray did a good deal of business with Americans; consequently, there is a chance that the papers are in this country.

H. BUNKER WRIGHT.

Northwestern University.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your April 23rd issue you quote part of the recent announcement sent by William Edwin Rudge to subscribers to the "Private Papers of James Boswell" regarding the discovery of the croquet box-Boswell-MSS. Your quotation reads, "The owner communicated with Colonel Isham who immediately acquired these papers by pure chance." This is not only a misstatement, but decidedly not the case. It should read, ". . . who immediately acquired these papers by *purchase*."

The history of the acquisition of the Boswell MSS is entirely too precious a story to have inaccuracies creep into it.

HELEN COHAN.

New York, N. Y.

Green Bay and Western

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Is it possible that Richard Roe really travelled on the Green Bay and Western? If so, *of course* his train left at 6:50. And not only was the air crisp, but it sparkled; and there was little noise and much space around him. But *was* it birch trees that stood around the shores of Winnebago? Maybe he mistook the shining trunks of the maples so early in the morning for birches?

Before he came to Plover and Scandinavia was he snowed in at New London? Green Bay and Western.—Grab your Baggage and Walk. The station and the sauerkraut factory and the freight cars on the siding made such drifts over the track that the pony engine couldn't pull through. And the Brakeman who turns apple-and-candy man sold all his wares. (On ordinary days he only sells an apple every hour and a half.) And the Conductor took it as a matter of course that the passengers could stay at New London.

Four days it was before the track was opened. The hotel clerk and the bus driver issued bulletins about the train to the travelers in the lobby. Did Richard help to entertain the three pink-cheeked children of the blue-eyed Scandinavian mother while their stay used up the money which she had brought with her for a set of teeth? It was the second time she had saved the money and come down from Tomahawk. She couldn't leave the children at home for her man "worked in the woods." And the other time the children had taken sick and the money had gone to the doctor. One day and another and another and another passed; and there was nothing for children to do in a Hotel lobby.

Then the other train got through from the west. The engines met on the double tracks by the station, snorting like stubborn ponies with their cow-catcher hoofs thrust out before them. And the conductor took it as a matter of course that the passengers would come back to the train and the journeys be continued.

But surely Richard didn't go on to Winona without stopping at "the Rapids"? Maybe he was looking for "Grand Rapids" and didn't know that the town had grown tired of losing its identity in Michigan and so had changed its name to "Wisconsin Rapids" and continued to make excellent paper. (The Rapids used to be the check by which you could tell how thoroughly the book agent's Encyclopedia had been revised.)

I can't imagine his stopping in New London or at the Rapids without hunting up the Library. He'd find Melda Pelzer calling the priest or the man at the filling station on Saturday night to tell them that the books they wanted were in and they could get them before Sunday; or Peggy Ream or Eileen MacGeorge picking out a book to suit a "customer."

But if he really went on to Winona I think he didn't arrive until 2:50 p. m. *the next day.*

Richard would have done well to hesitate over taking the Green Bay and Western west instead of going north to Sturgeon Bay. In fact, isn't "Green Bay" a name sufficiently enticing to persuade him to stop awhile before going north or west? Are the French names on the houses—Beauregard, Pierre, Beaumont—monuments to forgotten history or "first families" names? Then who are the Oneidas, and what is Kaukauna and Kewaunee?

Perhaps the snow in the streets persuaded him to wait for the summer before he goes north to Sturgeon Bay or "to follow the fish to Algoma." (In Algoma the slogan proved a boomerang for the rival editor said, "We have always wondered why the people came to Sturgeon Bay while the suckers went to Algoma.") So urge him to wait till the spring to go north. There he will find cherries and he *will* find birches, and when he comes to the end of the land he can escape the Porte de Morte by boarding Cap'n Pete's launch and going over to Ben Jonson's hotel on the Island. Incidentally Thorstein Veblen used to hide himself away on this island—on the west side where the stones are rolled smooth by the waves and white as chalk.

It seems strange to me that Richard liked the silent spaces beyond the reach of city noises and through trains. He seems so much a creature of the city. Did he really travel on the Green Bay and Western or did he only imagine himself "a long way from Fifth Avenue"?

E. M. FAIR.

New Brunswick, N. J.

James Hanley's Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the *Saturday Review* of April 23rd Mr. Ben Ray Redman reviews James Hanley's "Boy." To quote Mr. Redman in his opening sentence, When James Hanley published his first book "Men in Darkness"—and again further on Mr. Redman speaks of "Boy" as Hanley's first novel.

Mr. Hanley's first novel was "Drift" published in London by Eric Partridge in 1930. It was followed by three others which in order of sequence were: "The German Prisoner," "A Passion Before Death," and "The Last Voyage." Then came "Men in Darkness," "Boy," and his last book "Stoker Haslett."

Mr. Redman in the concluding paragraph of his review says, "In the two books that Hanley has published," etc.

I should like to call attention to these discrepancies in Mr. Redman's review for I feel that a publication such as yours should not be guilty of these errors and am sure they must have been overlooked.

RUTH L. JONES.

English Book Shop, New York City.

The American Farmer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

One of our sister ships is called the *American Traveler*. That, I think, will add the sea-flavour which the Bowling Green misses in the *American Farmer*.

Rudge Rubric of Nova Scotia mentions in the Green the good ship *Homeric* carrying the works of the famous doctor Sir Thomas Browne and that the name *Homeric* would have pleased him. He is quite right but it might also have pleased Sir Thomas to know his "Vulgar Errors," "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial and Garden of Cyrus" have traveled many thousands of miles on the *American Farmer*, on the shelf with young "John Mistletoe," to and fro between London and New York, much to the pleasure of many passengers and the surprise of others.

The Commander of the *American Farmer* has done homage at the grave of Sir Thomas Browne at the church of St. Peter Mancroft in Norwich, though Sir Thomas's skull is in the hospital museum at Norwich.

So you see, after all, it was befitting for the *American Farmer* to carry volumes 5 and 6 of Geoffrey Keynes edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works.

I suggest the wise physician would have agreed to having the beautiful edition of his works carried reverently over the ocean to the new world (the land that he and his friend Mr. John Evelyn never saw) by a ship and officers who have long been readers and respecters of his quaint and fascinating pen.

Dec. 21, 1931.

Christopher Morley, Esq.

The General Catalogue of the Oxford University Press still graces the chart room between Bowditch and Captain Davie Bone's "Brassbounder."

HARRY S. MYDDLETON,
Commander,
S/S *American Farmer*.

Professor Hans Tegner, famous as the illustrator of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, died recently at Copenhagen.

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The Old Order Changeth

GŒTHE'S "FAUST," THE FIRST PART, translated by ALICE RAPHAEL. With an introduction by CARL F. SCHREIBER and a note by MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

ALICE RAPHAEL'S translation of the first part of "Faust" appeared in 1930, as a trade edition illustrated with wood cuts by Lynd Ward. It now appears in the Limited Editions Club's series, with different pictures, and with an introduction by Professor Schreiber, curator of the William A. Speck Collection of Goetheana at Yale University. The present year marks the one hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death, and serves as reason for the reissue of this translation—which has been much praised as "a faithful portrayal of the Goethean 'Faust.'"

Professor Schreiber's introduction deals with the Faust theme and Goethe's treatment of it in his poem, and gives, as well, a partial roster of the numerous English translations. His position as curator of one of the largest Goethe collections in the world, and his enthusiasm for the work of the German master makes him especially competent as a critic. Mr. van Doren's "Note" is reprinted from the 1930 edition, where it has the more explicit title of "Introduction for the Modern Reader."

The translation by Alice Raphael has already been adequately treated by reviewers: the present edition, therefore, may more properly be considered on its merits as a printed book. And as such it is sure to meet with considerable hostility. It may be well to describe it in some detail, because it represents a possibly portentous development in book printing.

In size the volume is a large quarto (9½ x12½ inches), printed on a good wove paper of smooth surface. So far all is orthodox. But the type is one of the new sans-serif letters which a few years ago took the advertising world by storm—the form of letter without serifs or cross strokes at the ends of the letters. This kind of type has been aptly described as "mere skeletons of letters." The text is set in two columns to the page, and each page of type is bordered, a couple of inches from the top and bottom margins, by a fairly heavy rule printed in sepia. There are no decorations whatever, but there are twelve full-page illustrations in color. The binding is in brown cloth, with a pattern in gold covering a quarter of each cover.

As to the propriety of the use of sans-serif type for a book there may at present be some diversity of opinion, but that the use of such type can or will become general, or that the future will look any more tolerantly upon such a book than it now looks on a "Queen Anne cottage," admits of every doubt. It is not only a transitory style, but one which can easily be proved out of step with the development of good taste. It is far more likely that typewriter type will become permanent than that sans-serif will. However, that is not wholly to damn it; excursions in various byways of typography are to be tolerated if not encouraged. What is disturbing about this book is something else.

Mr. Réné Clarke, who designed this volume, is president of one of the most prominent of our advertising firms, and the book bears every evidence of the advertising typographer. He once issued a challenge in print which begins, "I'm tired of things that look like things as they are." This, it seems to me, represents the advertising game to a nicety—and by the same token is a very dangerous doctrine to adopt in printing a book. (I do not forget that the first printed books were designed to look like manuscripts; but book printing long ago arrived at a technique of its own, and a book should look like a book.) What I find in this volume is a distressing similarity to a catalogue—a good catalogue, truly, such as a catalogue of automobiles which Draeger Frères might issue. And that means a reversal of the old order, for whereas in the past book printing has been the norm, and other printing, to be good, has had to conform to its general standards, worked out over many centuries, here we have the book subjected to the false standards of the advertising circular (the standards which try to make things look like things as they are *not*). The whole advertising profession has run seriously amok in the past decade or so; the easy success of war propaganda gave a great lift to it, and the idiotic desire of every American to "put on a front" contributed. That the advertising approach, if I may so call it, is dangerous I think can be proved. For one thing it inspires distrust and suspicion of the thing advertised, because of the ridiculous assertions and hifalutin' nonsense of so much of it. I do not wish to enter into an argument here over modern advertising further than to point out that *if* the advertiser's technique is to pervade book production it will result in complete frustration. An occasional essay in that direction does no harm, but as a lover of books—whether they be the folios of Jenson or the octavos of Pickering or the valiant issues of the Kelmscott Press—I look with dismay on the advertising typographer and his works.

But let us consider happier things. The illustrations which Mr. Clarke has provided are unusually good. The colors are printed without the use of a half-tone screen, and they are laid on flat. Moreover, the designs (barring one or two) are vigorous, simple, strong line drawings of imaginative appeal. They have something of the character of the best French illustrations of the present day, which is to say that they testify to the artist's complete competence, and that they are much more than mere space fillers.

R.

Death of a Bookworm

THE fourth annual report of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery records the year's activities. Among the outstanding events which it notes are the completion of quarters for the Department of Manuscripts, the first number of the *Huntington Library Bulletin* (already noted in these columns), the issue of two new volumes in the Huntington Library Publications, and the State vote exempting the Library from taxation.

A novel and probably extremely valuable service both to the Huntington Library and to other libraries has been inaugurated to rid old volumes of vermin. The description will be interesting reading, and we print it here.

> Some three years ago the Librarian and the Curator of Rare Books were greatly troubled by evidences of an infestation of bookworms in the incunabula collection. Professor Tracy I. Storer, of the University of California Agricultural College at Davis, identified the pest as *Sitodrepa panicea* and recommended the general form of treatment to be followed. With the assistance of Professor Arnold O. Beckman, of the California Institute of Technology, experiments were conducted and a mixture of carbon dioxide and ethylene oxide was developed in a form that could be safely controlled and could be used on books and manuscripts without injuring them in the slightest degree. The eggs of the beetle are enveloped in a thin gas-proof membrane that renders them immune to fumigation unless the membrane can be broken sufficiently to allow the fumigant to penetrate. Under the general supervision of Mr. Thomas M. Iiams, Assistant to the Librarian, a combination vacuum tank and mixing chamber was designed and built, about five feet in diameter and ten feet long. Books and papers to be disinfected are placed on library trucks, and as many as six trucks at a time are moved into the tube. The door is then closed and the air is pumped out until enough of a vacuum has been created to crack the membranes of the eggs. Then the mixed gases are released into the tank, and from this fumigation it is believed that neither insects nor eggs can came forth alive. Careful observations have been made of the results of the fumigating process, and after several months all reports are favorable, both as to the destruction of the bookworms and as to the condition of the books and manuscripts treated. Over eight thousand books have already been fumigated, including incunabula and early large folios, and it is hoped that all suspected books can be treated in the course of the coming year.
>
> The vacuum tank was made large enough to accommodate many of the objects in the art collection, so that they can be fumigated in the same way if necessity arises. Other institutions are making inquiries, and it is intended to prepare and publish for their benefit a description of the process and of the results obtained.

R.

"A Very Pious Man"

THE LETTERS OF ELEAZOR WHEELOCK'S INDIANS. Edited from the originals by JAMES DOW MCCALLUM. Hanover, N. H.: Dartmouth College Publications No. 1. 1932. $4.

THIS volume is the first of a new series to be known as "The Dartmouth College Manuscript Series," issued by the newly established Dartmouth College Publications. The purpose of this volume is well announced by the publishers:

> It is almost never that the Indian could demonstrate consciously or unconsciously—and in writing—just how and in what degree his aboriginal mind was affected by the social and religious habits of the white invader. But in this volume considerable light is shed on this absorbing subject, as the book consists, for the most part, of letters actually written by Indians who had been brought into sudden contact with the Puritan civilization and then sent into the field as missionaries to their own people. These circumstances, and the fact that the original letters have been preserved in the archives of Dartmouth College, have resulted in a collection of unique source material of general historical significance.
>
> "The reader . . . will be amused as though he were watching some captive animal performing his tricks," writes *Professor McCallum* in his introduction. "He will also realize something of the tragedy of coercing the savage to studies for which he had little aptitude and no use . . . and to the white man's civilization from which he was prone to borrow the vices."

We have been told that the Reverend Eleazor "went into the wilderness to teach the Indian," and this book is the naive record of that teaching.

The book has been printed by the Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro in the sound and competent manner which has come to mark the work of that press. There is a bibliography and a full index.

R.

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In 1929 the Atlantic Biography Prize was awarded to the author of "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years." Last year the Atlantic Prize for a work of Non-Fiction dealing with the American Scene was conferred on Archer Butler Hulbert, author of "Forty-Niners." Both were published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, as Atlantic Monthly Press Books.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

A new biography published by Columbia University Press ($3.25) has a certain flavor. It is "The Author of Sanford and Merton," by George Warren Gignilliat, the life of Thomas Day, Esq., an 18th century English philanthropist, farmer, political agitator, friend of the intelligensia, a man who had a hand in everything and wrote the Rousseauistic system of education into his books for children, and found them "best-sellers." *O tempora! O mores!*

The PHŒNIX NEST

IT is sad news about *Hart Crane*, the poet. If erratic, he was a brilliant performer. While this department infrequently understood his poems and did not join in his interest in "the so-called illogical impingements of the connotations of words on the consciousness" (believing as we do that a hit-or-miss manner of writing whose rules cannot be formulated is simply slovenly), we admit that he could occasionally transfix us with some blazing metaphor. At times, indeed, he wrote so well that he ought to have written better. But he was too far off balance. His work will remain merely a suggestion of what might have been. Partly we blame the times. These are days that breed bitterness in the artist. The sturdier ones resist, the more erratic go under. And yet we feel that this country is as good a place to inhabit through this particular phase of the world's affairs—yes, and better, than any other. To us New York City is crammed with inspiration of all kinds. Probably a crazy city—but there's certainly nothing dull about it. You might call it Cloud-cuckoo-city, along with old Mr. *Aristophanes*. It's terrible toward its artists, and yet they couldn't live without. Crane couldn't. His art was a product of the New York craziness. He was contemplating a long poem on Mexican history, but that doesn't make any difference. And trends are peculiar. The trend now, in poetry, seems to be toward Mexico and South America. We have never had the slightest desire to trek down there, though most of our friends have from time to time waxed enthusiastic about the country. We guess we must be getting old and don't want to be moved. We can imagine a gorgeous landscape and paint it in our own colors. Probably if we actually saw it we should be disappointed. . . .

A recent letter from *Louis Bromfield* to one of our confrères—and we here and now congratulate both Mr. and Mrs. Bromfield on the recent birth of their third child, a daughter, in Paris—reports that awhile ago he went to stay with *Edith Wharton* at Hyères, where she has almost the only house and garden in the world that he covets. The *Aldous Huxleys* were there, and *Malinowski*, who wrote "The Sexual Life of Savages." "In this dispiriting time," says Bromfield, "I find her house a kind of refuge, where the depression is never mentioned and where the only conversation is remote from stock market losses." He goes on to say that he is prouder of his garden at Senlis than of anything he has ever done. "At the moment it is magnificent and bursting with flowers, all achieved by the sweat of my brow and the ache of my back, and its glories are only a prelude to the main performance in June." . . .

We are sorry that we have to revert to the matter of *Edith O'Shaughnessy's* "Viennese Medley" at least once more, but *Mitchell Kennerley* sends us a letter from *Ben Huebsch*, now with the Viking Press, in which Ben says he published "Viennese Medley" several years before Harcourt brought it out. "The author went to Harcourt, Brace with her next book, and they took over 'Viennese Medley' at her desire." Also *Charles A. Madison* has written us from Henry Holt & Company that Huebsch published the book in 1924. . . .

We have heard from *Lawton Mackall* in regard to his Portuguese decoration in return for his book, "Portugal for Two":

> As regards the Military Order of Christ (as it is called in these Republican times), I only hope that the troubadour king, Dom Diniz, who founded it in 1318, and Prince Henry the Navigator, who headed it in the 15th century, and Vasco de Gama *et al*, who blazoned the emblem of the order on their sails in a big way—I only hope that those gents aren't performing Portuguese revolutions in their graves at the thought of *my* being let in with the rank of "officer." . . .

The other night seemed to be literary night at the closing of that well-known theatrical supper club, The Mayfair, as we espied *Dorothy Parker*, *George Oppenheimer* of the Viking Press, and *Bennett Cerf* of Random House—espied, did we say?—nay, we and our wife sat down at their table. Also present was the charming *Miriam Hopkins*, whose success in pictures has been so overwhelming. But Miriam seems to be just the same gal we used to know. *John McClain*, who does Broadway affairs for the *Sun*, shed his usual beams about the party—which we thought was altogether pleasant. . . .

Lippincott has brought out two of the Soviet schoolbooks written by *M. Ilin*, who produced "New Russia's Primer," both with the original illustrations of *N. Lapshin*. *Beatrice Kincead* has translated both. One is "What Time Is It? The Story of Clocks," and the other is the Story of Books or "Black on White." *Beatrice Warde* and *Stanley Morison*, the former being the daughter of our own *May Lamberton Becker*, are, as famous typographers, enthusiastic about the last-named and call it "as brilliant a summary of the communication of thought by written and printed word as could well be imagined." Ilin is a young Russian engineer, and the brother of *Marschak*, the famous Russian poet and story-teller. . . .

The latest issues of the Modern Library are "The Poems of Longfellow" and "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." The former includes "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn"—in a pocket volume at that!—and the latter is edited with an introduction by *Nathan G. Goodman*. . . .

Arthur Davison Ficke, noted citizen of Hillsdale, New York, not to say admirer of the novels of *Eden Phillpotts*, and no mean poet at that,—well, Arthur sends us a clipping he made from the *San Antonio Light*. He thinks it must be authentic, for he doubts whether an American mind could invent such wonders. So here it is:

> *T. S. Nakano*, this department's official Japanese poet, sends us the following—
>
> *MAHATMA GANDHI!*
> *Oh! Mahatma Gandhi,*
> *Your Indian Valuables tree*
> *If you off from India view*
> *They are spoiled all of views.*
> *Your the lives Natural Pome*
> *When the cheerful or the beautiful*
> *It's the Valhalla, or the Valiant*
> *Your Valuables Indian tree.*
> *Oh, Mahatma Gandhi!*
> *Still leave you are pome Indian View.*

We always like to receive *Hound & Horn* —and acknowledge the April-June 1932 number. We liked the original *Rockwell Kent* cover, but the new modernistic symbolic cover, where the design looks about as much like a hound and a horn as anything modernistic looks like anything it is supposed to look like, is also good. We like the way it's printed, and the photographs by *Berenice Abbott*, and the photographs of *James Cagney*, the movie actor, who is now being taken up by the intellectuals in a large way, as *Chaplin* was, some years ago, before he was ruined by it,—BUT we don't pretend to understand what a lot of *Hound & Horn* is all about, just as we don't pretend to understand why this tommyrot is printed by it as poetry:

Less love
than eachness clinging to the sill of sense,
less unity than choice:
tight finger to finger
eye to grave eye,
this perpetual greeting
the tide-rip at the meeting
of the tide and stream.

While our eachness still clings to the sill of sense, wherefrom modern ideas of what poetry is would fain detach it, by Golly we will give them, if not tight finger to finger, at least grave eye to grave eye, and tell them that such writing as the above is fake junk. Whoever writes it may be the victim of hypnotism, erysipelas, glanders, or merely the inability to express himself in the English language, —but taking such stuff seriously is one reason we can't read *Hound & Horn* with any particular pleasure,—because we detest affectation and bunk. . . .

Our old college pal *Frank Sullivan* (Eureka Correspondence College) recently wrote his publishers that his new book —title and subject still unknown—is coming along swimmingly. "I have two words done," says Mr. Sullivan, " 'and' and 'but.' I'm working on 'if' now." . . .

Tom Stix of the Book League of America is ashamed of our ignorance, since his children, it seems, have been brought up on "Max and Moritz," and he doesn't think it's fair of us to say that the book is out of print when Macy's is selling it both in German and English. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN

"A colorful American odyssey" says Manual Komroff of

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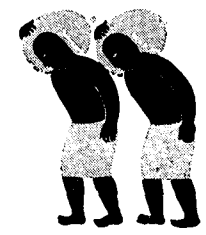

By Carleton Beals

Author of "Mexican Maze," etc.

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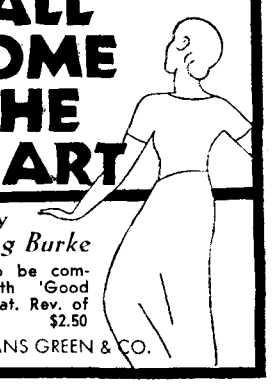

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